THE LAND WE LOVE.

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COMPARATIVE GENERALSHIP.

A few months after the capture of Gen. Lee's army, in 1865, a writer, in the editorial columns of a widely circulating New York journal, asserted that the achievements of Gen. Grant surpassed those of Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Turenne, Prince Eugene of Savoy, Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and the Duke of Wellington, all combined! The journal in question is so much addicted to quizzing, that we felt at a loss to determine whether this stupendous panegyric was uttered in good faith, or whether it was merely an echo of the popular exultation, which at that moment very nearly approached the borders of frenzy. Napoleon, in his review of Jomini's "Art of War," tells us that a great soldier cannot be made by books of that sort—that the "art" is best taught in the field—that the best substitute for the field is the careful study of eighty-four campaigns which he mentions, viz: the eight of Alexander, seventeen of Hannibal, and thirteen of Cæsar, in ancient times; the three of Gustavus, sixteen of Turenne, nineteen of Eugene, and eleven of Frederick, in modern times. He did not, of course, include his own and those of Wellington. The panegyrist of Gen. Grant, however, includes them in his summary. In order that the reader may see the enormous character of this eulogy, we propose to glance at the career of each of these great captains, before sketching a brief outline of Gen. Grant's.

Alexander the Great, with a force 34,500 strong, invaded the Persian empire, the mightiest, at that time, upon which the sun had ever shone, extending from the shores of the Hellespont to the banks of the Indus, from Memphis on the Nile, to the

great mountains of Northern Asia, embracing all those vast kingdoms which played parts so memorable in the early history of mankind, as we find it recorded in the Bible, peopled by innumerable nations, able, at any time, to send a million of men into the field, divided into many provinces, each governed by a satrap equal in power and wealth to the greatest king. In three campaigns, and in three great pitched battles, and two memorable sieges, he struck down the power of this vast monarchy, and assumed the crown of Asia. In five other campaigns, and in innumerable battles, he subdued those wild and warlike tribes around him, which the whole power of the Persian monarchs had never been able to subjugate, and but for the refusal of his troops to follow him farther, would undoubtedly have anticipated Clive and his successors by two thousand years, in making India a province of an European power.

Hannibal, with an army of 26,000 men, arrived on the Italian side of the Alps, with the avowed purpose of overthrowing the Republic of Rome, the most powerful government, at that time, existing in the world. Not only his numbers, but his arms, and the quality of his troops were vastly inferior to those of his enemy. The latter were collected from all quarters; twenty different languages were spoken in his camp, while the Romans were homogeneous. After the battle of Thrasymene, he made his troops arm themselves with the weapons of the dead Romans.— In eighteen months, and in three pitched battles, remembered to this day for the skill with which they were planned, and the vigor with which they were executed, he not only *defeated*, but absolutely and literally *destroyed*, five Roman consular armies, and shook the Roman power to its very foundation. Exhausted by his very victories, denied all reënforcements from home, shut up in the foot of the Italian boot, with no allies but the fierce and intractable Breethans, his numbers waning every day, for fourteen years he defied the whole power of Rome to drive him out of Italy. Never, in his most triumphant days, did his genius shine so brightly as it did in this gloomy season. He left Italy at last, only in consequence of orders from home.

Julius Cæsar, when he took possession of his government of Gaul, found himself at the head of six legions, about 24,000 men, which he recruited to about 60,000 before commencing operations.— In the course of nine years he was victorious in between forty and fifty pitched battles, carried by storm or took by siege eighty fortified places, subdued 300 nations or tribes, forming an aggregate of 20,000,000 of souls, fought in pitched battles or sieges 3,000,000 of men, took 1,000,000 of prisoners, and slew as many fairly in the field. Besides this, he made several expeditions into Germany, and twice crossed over to Britain, where he fought two battles. In the civil war, in a single pitched battle, he destroyed the power of Pompey, in another totally sub-

dued the revolted Egyptians, in a third routed Pharnaces, on which occasion he wrote "*veni, vidi, vici*," and thus made himself master of the Eastern world. In a fourth he struck down the power of Pompey's followers in Africa, and in a fifth put the finishing stroke to his works by destroying the army of Pompey's sons in Spain. He certainly is a very wonderful military man. Who can be called superior to Julius Cæsar?

Gustavus Adolphus made his first campaign in Poland, where, after defeating the King in several battles he compelled him to make peace. The Emperor of Germany was at that time waging the cruel and unjust war, known as the "Thirty Years' War," with his Protestant subjects. His progress, through the skill of his generals, Tilly and Wallenstein, had given alarm to all Europe, Catholic as well as Protestant.—Gustavus espoused the cause of his Protestant brethren. He landed in Pomerania, and made himself master of that province, after having defeated the forces of the Emperor in a bloody battle, and stormed all the strong places in it. He then proceeded south carrying all the fortresses, for which Germany is so famous, as fast as he came to them. Tilly was sent to arrest him. He attacked him and received a bloody repulse.—Gustavus followed up the blow, and attacking Tilly at Leipsic, a great battle ensued, in which Tilly lost half of his army. Gustavus marched on, crossed the Danube, invaded Bavaria, carried every fortress before him in spite of Tilly, and when that officer attempted to stop him at the passage of the Lech he almost annihilated his army, and Tilly himself was killed. He had gone as far on his conquering progress towards the Rhine as Ulm, when he was recalled to Saxony to face Wallenstein. He came in contact with him at Lutzen. After a bloody battle, in which he gained a signal victory, he was, unfortunately, killed. One month more and he would have been in Vienna.

Eugene first commanded in chief in the campaign of 1697 against the Turks, which he rendered memorable by defeating Mustaphe II., in the battle of Zenta, killing, wounding, or taking 20,000 men, and all his artillery, baggage, &c. This ended the war. In the "War of the Succession," he was sent to Italy, where he completely defeated Catinat, and afterwards Villeroi, taking the latter prisoner at Cremona. Called to Germany in 1704, he united his army with that of Marlborough, and the two gained the overwhelming battle of Blenheim. Returning to Italy, although he was at first foiled by Vendome, yet he carried Turin by storm, and virtually put an end to the French power there. He then penetrated into France, and laid siege to Toulon, but was not successful. Withdrawn from Italy, he was sent to Flanders, to command the Austrian forces acting in concert with Marlborough. He participated in the two great battles of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, in 1708 and 1709. In the war with the Turks, be

fought the battle of Peterwardein, with greatly inferior force, routed the Turks with great slaughter, and captured Belgrade; which exploit led to peace. He was at the head of the army of 1733 with Poland, but no battle was fought. He commanded in eighteen pitched battles and gained them all.

Marlborough was one of the most fortunate generals that ever lived. It was said of him, that he never drew his sword that he did not conquer. We know of no other general of whom the same can be said with truth. In 1704, when the French marched an overwhelming army into Bavaria, and united with the Bavarian forces, were about to push on to Vienna, he made a sudden and rapid march from Flanders, united his forces to those of Eugene, and gained the tremendous victory of Blenheim, in which the French lost 40,000 men out of 60,000. The way was open to Paris, and Marlborough and Eugene wished to take it, but the Dutch deputies refused their consent. Besides this battle, Marlborough also gained the great victories of Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and took all the fortified towns of Flanders, besides several in the North of France. When Marlborough first landed in Flanders, Louis XIV. was the most powerful monarch that had reigned in Europe since Charlemagne. Marlborough brought him almost to the dust. Another campaign and he would have been suing for peace on any terms, when a faction at home overthrew the great general and caused him to lose his command.

When the Seven Years' War commenced, Russia, Sweden, Austria, France, Saxony, and Poland, with standing armies, numbering 600,000 men, were united against Prussia, which had only 160,000. The combined population of these countries was 100,000,000. The population of Prussia, 5,000,000. England, however, was with Prussia, and sent an army to Hanover, which, with her German subjects and allies, it was thought would protect Prussia on the south. The allies lay at great distances from each other. Frederic lay in the centre, and had a chance to strike them in detail. He commenced the war by overrunning Saxony, seizing Dresden, besieging the Saxon army, 17,000 strong, in the camp of Pirna, leaving a sufficient force to blockade the camp, marching into Bohemia, and totally defeating Marshal Brown, who was approaching to raise the siege, at Lowositz. In the spring of 1757, he attacked Brown before Prague, waiting for Daun to join him before advancing into Saxony, and defeated him with a loss of 24,000 men, he, himself, losing 18,000. Part of the defeated force shut themselves up in Prague, part fled to Daun.—Frederic left a part of his force to blockade Prague, and with the rest, on the 18th June, the same day with the battle of Waterloo, fifty-eight years after, attacked Daun and Brown, at Kolin, and was terribly defeated. But as Daun made no use of his victory, he was soon in the field again. In the meantime the Duke of Cumberland capitulated to the

French army, which being now at liberty, marched to invade the south of Prussia. Silesia was in possession of a powerful Austrian army, and the Russians were in the Northern provinces. Placed in a central position, Frederic was enabled to strike right and left. He marched with great rapidity on the French, and gained a glorious victory over them, at Rossbach, on the 5th November, came back on the Austrians, and in a battle, (fought 5th December,) which Napoleon calls a master-piece, (Leuthen) defeated them utterly, killing, wounding, and taking 27,000 out of 60,000, and in the spring inflicted a terrible defeat on the Russians, at Zorndorf.—But on the 14th October, 1758—the same on which Napoleon prostrated the power of Prussia, fifty-eight years afterwards—he was surprised in his camp, and defeated by Daun and Laudohn, at Hochkirchen, losing 13,000 men. In 1759, the Austrians being in possession of Saxony, and the Russians of the country bordering the Oder, the two united, and Frederic attacking them at Kunersdorf, where they were strongly intrenched, suffered a terrible defeat; the worst he had ever sustained. Out of 50,000 men, he could rally that evening but 3,000. But the allies grew jealous of each other and did not improve their victory. The next day he had rallied 18,000 men, and in a few weeks had an army 30,000 strong. At the commencement of 1760, the enemy were in possession of Berlin, but Frederic gained a great victory over Laudohn at Liegnitz, and another great victory over Daun at Torgau, which restored things to their old condition. In 1761 there was no battle. The Empress of Russia died, and her successor immediately made peace, clothed all the Prussian prisoners in new suits, and sent them back to Frederic, entering at the same time into an alliance with him. England and France made peace soon after. Austria left by herself was not long in following the example. Frederic relinquished nothing whatever. The united exertions of this mighty alliance had been unable to wring any thing from him.

The career of Napoleon is so well known that we shall make our summary as brief as possible. In his first two campaigns, 1796 and 1797, in Italy, in the course of ten months he was victorious in fourteen pitched battles, and seventy combats, destroyed five Austrian armies, took 100,000 prisoners, and killed and wounded as many more, captured six hundred field pieces and two thousand heavy guns, drove the Austrians entirely out of Italy, and forced a peace in sight of the steeples of Vienna. All this he effected with an army of less than thirty thousand men,—the reënforcements he received never covering his losses. In the campaigns of '98-'99 he carried the French arms to the ancient Scripture lands of Egypt and Syria, and won battles on spots renowned in the earliest history of mankind, at Alexandria, the Pyramids, Mount Tabor, Jaffa, (Joppa, the port of Jerusalem,) and was obliged to

raise the siege he had laid to Acre, already immortalized in the history of the crusaders. Returning to Egypt, he drove a whole Turkish army into the sea at Aboukir, returned to France, seized the government, and had himself proclaimed first consul.—All his conquests, except Genoa, had been lost, and the Austrians were besieging that, when, in 1800, he crossed the Alps, took possession of Lombardy and Piedmont in their rear, cut off their communications and forced them to fight the battle of Marengo, by which he recovered all the French had lost, in one month from the time he left Paris. In 1805, he destroyed the Austrian Grand Army at Ulm before it could unite with the advancing Russians, and at Austerlitz destroyed the Russian army likewise. In 1806, he destroyed the Prussian army at Jena before the Russians could join, and pursuing it from one end of Prussia to the other, in a fortnight captured all the fortresses and 140,000 prisoners. In 1807 he fought the great battle of Eylau, and repulsed the Russians with great slaughter, and of Friedland, in which the Russian army was almost annihilated. In 1808, he swept over Spain like a whirlwind. In 1809, in four great battles, fought in four consecutive days, he defeated the Archduke Charles of Austria, and drove him over the Danube, leaving the way open to Vienna. He took that city after a slight cannonade, crossed the Danube and fought the bloody and indecisive battle of Essling or Aspern, retired to the Isle of Lobau, recrossed and utterly defeated Charles at Wagram. In 1812 he fought the terrible battle of Borodino, seventy miles from Moscow, in which the Russians lost 52,000. The fire at Moscow, and the frost and snow, destroyed his great army, and all Europe rose against him. In the campaign of 1813, his struggles were gigantic. He fought and gained four of the greatest battles recorded in history; Lutzen, Bautzen, Wurchen, and Dresden. But the numbers of his enemies constantly increased, until at last, at Leipsic, they overwhelmed him. In the campaign of 1814, in France, with 40,000 men, he opposed for weeks a force of 300,000, formed into five armies, which he (moving on the chord of an arc while they moved on the circumference) kept asunder, with infinite skill, fighting a battle every day. He would have succeeded at last, had not Marmont treacherously given up the city of Paris to the invaders. In 1815, at the head of 122,000 men, he marched into Belgium against Wellington and Blucher, whose armies, amounting in the aggregate to 220,000, were quartered separately. He thrust himself between them, beat Blucher, sent Grouchy in pursuit of him, ordering him to keep between Blucher and the main army. He then pursued Wellington, attacked him at Waterloo, and was on the point of beating him, when first Bulow and then Blucher came up.

Wellington landed in Portugal in 1807 with about 30,000 troops. The troops of Junot were dispersed all about the neighborhood of Lisbon. He had about 21,000

in all, but could assemble only 9,000. With these he attacked Wellington at Vimeira, and was, of course, beaten. His whole army capitulated a few days after, and the English had undisputed posession of Portugal. In 1809, Wellington, by a sudden march from Lisbon on Oporto, forced Soult to retreat. He next marched upon Madrid, and fought the bloody battle of Talavera, with doubtful result, it seems to us, since he did not obtain his object, and was forced to retreat back to Lisbon. In 1810, Massena invaded Portugal with 80,000 men.—Wellington had the better in the battle of Busaco. He retired to the lines of Torres-Vedras. Massena, unable to force them, lay before them until he lost half his army. He then retreated, and Wellington following, the battle of Fuentes d'Onore was fought, the English claiming the advantage. In 1811, Wellington took Ciudad Rodrigo by storm. In 1812, he stormed Badajoz—Napoleon having called a great part of his forces from Spain, Wellington took this opportunity to march into it. He attacked Marmont at Salamanca and completely defeated him, but was compelled afterwards to fall back on Portugal. In 1813, Napoleon, in consequence of his losses in Russia, was compelled to abandon Spain. The army under King Joseph was retiring in perfect disorder, laden with plunder, and every way demoralized. When Wellington attacked them (1813) they scarcely made a show of fight, but ran and endeavored to save their treasure. This shameful affair is called the battle of Vittoria, though in truth it was no battle at all. In 1814, Wellington entered the south of France, and fought several battles with Soult, at Bayonne, Orthes and Toulouse. In 1815, he commanded in the battle of Waterloo, which, we suppose, is what chiefly gave him his reputation.

Let us now take a brief glance at the campaigns of Gen. Grant. At the very outset we observe a remarkable contrast between the circumstances under which all his operations were conducted, and those under which the generals to whom he is preferred, conducted theirs. They, in nearly every instance, took the field with inferior numbers; he never moved without an enormous numerical superiority. They generally fought against men whose resources of every kind were at least equal to their own; he *never once* encountered an enemy who was not greatly his inferior, not only in numbers, but in arms, stores, provisions, clothing, medical appliances; every thing except skill and valor. That he was right to make all he could out of this species of superiority, is certainly true. He fought for an object, and it was his duty to obtain that object. But the fact detracts very considerably from his praise as a commander. Napoleon says, that the greatest general is he, who, with the smallest number of men in the field, can bring the greatest number to bear on a given point. This definition is perfect, and so palpable that the unskilled can see its correctness as well as Hanni-

bal could. But where a general operates with three or four to one, he deserves no credit for bringing a superior force to bear on one given point. Napoleon's definition is true, where the parties are equal, or where the manœuvering party is slightly superior. At Eckmuhl, for instance, the armies were equal—90,000 each. Napoleon contrived, by his superior skill, to throw 80,000 men in full weight, upon 40,000 of the enemy, while with 10,000 he kept 50,000 at long taw; and this, he said, at St. Helena, was the most skillful manœuvre he ever executed. Had the French army been greatly superior—had it been, for instance, 130,000, he would have deserved no high degree of credit. He might have thrown the 80,000 upon the 40,000 on the important point, and he could still have held the other 50,000 at bay with a power equal to their own. Instances of this kind abound in his history. General Grant's numbers were always so enormously superior, that he could throw half his army at any time, upon one point, and still have a force of two to one to oppose the rest of his enemy's army. For example. He had, at the Wilderness, 160,000 men; Lee had 47,000 all told. Suppose Lee to have held a vital position with 30,000 of these men; a position which if carried must insure the destruction of his army. Grant could throw 120,000 men upon it and still retain 40,000 to make head against the rest of Lee's army, amounting to but 17,000. Victories gained in this manner, by overwhelming odds, are quite as useful as any other victories, but they are hardly so creditable to the victorious party.

THE RHINE.

(*From the German of F. A. Krummacher.*)

BY MARY BAYARD CLARKE

When grand St. Gothard stood complete
And Nature's noble work was done,
She smiled upon its heart of ice
And to the mountain gave a son.
"'Tis meet that goodness should proceed
From greatness such as thine,
Thy garnered strength have wider scope,
Thy gathered waters form the Rhine.
Go forth," she said, "oh noble youth,
Well worthy of thy lineage grand,
And roll thy Heaven-born waters from
The hollow of thy Father's hand."
The stream obeyed and tore his way
Through rocks and crags with wanton force,
Parted the waves of Bodenlake
And boldly held his onward course.
Now smiling vineyards mark his path,
The turbid race of youth is run,
And bright luxuriant beauty crowns
The manhood of St. Gothard's son.
A hundred streams rich tribute yield,
He lays his vine-leaf wreath aside,
Bears noble ships upon his breast
And calmly rolls through cornfields wide.
By many a branch he seeks the sea,
But wheresoe'er his waters pour
Men honored him as "father Rhine,"
Whom Nature to St. Gothard bore.

THE DECAY OF RELIGION IN THE SOUTH.

MUCH as we may regret the political and household ruin of a whole people, every Christian must deem the decline and corruption of religion among them a far greater evil. But any one, who does not close his eyes to unwelcome yet obvious facts, may now witness the progress of this decay in the Southern States, but more especially in those containing the bulk of the negro population.

We would point out the indications, and trace the causes of this decay; but in order to measure its progress, we must first state what was the religious condition of the South up to the year 1860. What we have to say is most applicable to the more southern of these States; but especially to those, in which negro slavery, having existed for generations, approached what may be called its normal condition.

From the first settlement of the country, the Christian missionary had trodden close on the heels of the pioneer in the wilderness; and for generations there had been few families which did not, in some form, profess the Christian faith. From the nature of the country, farming and pastoral pursuits engrossed the cares of the bulk of the population, a very small portion dwelling in towns. A necessary result from this, was, that literary education was generally superficial, and by no means universal. In a sparsely peopled country, most households must be remote from schools; and the support necessary to the maintenance of a school, of high order, can be found in few neighborhoods. Indeed, in many poor and thinly settled parts of the country, it would be difficult to collect twenty scholars from as many square miles. It was thus often less easy to bring the young within the reach of the means of education, than it might be in a Tartar horde, or an Arab tribe, which, migrating in a body from pasture to pasture, still always keeps the household composing it, near neighbors to each other; and the schoolmaster would naturally accompany them in all their migrations.

Yet, however thinly settled many parts of the South were, few neighborhoods were without one or more religious societies. A christian church of some kind was habitually frequented by the bulk of the people, although many families had to make almost a journey to worship there. From the fewness, and the defects of other sources of education, a large part of the instruction received was of a religious character. The Bible was, practically, the chief school book, and the church the chief school of young and old; but this was not always under the charge of a competent teacher.

Yet, from causes which we need not here trace, it is notoriously true that religious impulses and speculations have shown, in

the South, little of that tendency to run into the extravagancies of faith, so often and so variously manifested in the Northern States, in the shape of Unitarianism, Universalism, Quakerism, Shakerism, Spiritualism, Mormonism, Free-love doctrines, and other aberrations, from simple heresies in dogmatic theology, down to the utter perversion of all the principles of Christianity.

More than twenty years before 1860, there had been a marked deepening and widening of the current of Christian faith in the South, and a corresponding increase of effort to bring the truths and obligations of Christianity home to the hearts of all in the land. More especially did this zeal show itself in a deepening sense of the responsibility of professed Christians to labor at the religious instruction of the negroes, a duty which had hitherto been much, but not altogether, neglected. All branches of the Church were moved by this impulse; the effort of some were peculiarly successful; but we might do injustice to others in singling out any as having shown peculiar zeal. The labors of many clergymen, and not a few laymen, in this field, have been worthy of the high and pure motives which prompted them; nor will they lose their reward.

But the Christianizing of any people is up-hill work; and the difficulties increase with the depth of their ignorance, and yet more with the intellectual narrowness of the race. While Christianity, viewed in its merely earthly aspect, is the most powerful agent in promoting civilization, there is no doubt that civilization opens the door for the entrance of Christianity. Probably some measure of it is essential among any people, if not to the reception, at least to the spontaneous preservation of the faith. For instance: For more than a century the Moravians have maintained missions in Greenland, and have made converts of many of the natives, who, we are quite willing to believe, are devout members of their Church. But, should these missions be withdrawn, and all intercourse with Christendom cut off, does any sane man believe that these people, who are but Esquimaux, and, from the very nature of their country, cannot rise above the pursuits and habits which characterize that race—would they preserve, uncorrupted, for generations, the learning, Church organization, and mutual control, essential to the permanent upholding of the sacred truths and institutions planted among them? We might point out many other countries in which the planting of a self-sustaining Church would be quite as hopeless. It is true that most missionaries, laboring among the heathen of the more degraded types, would have us believe otherwise. But, although the common saying as to traveller's tales is a rare example of a false adage, originating far more in the narrow ignorance of listeners, than the falsehood of travellers, yet, it is no where more justly applicable than to missionary narratives. The mere traveller may be an unbiased observer, seeking

only truth, with no prejudged conclusions to uphold. But the missionary, relying on help from on high, readily believes all he hopes, and magnifies the conversion of every doubtful proselyte into a manifest widening of the Kingdom of Christ. Blinded by his zeal, misled by his hopes, he deceives others by being self-deceived.

As one people, from the physical conditions under which they live, may be cut off from taking the first steps in civilization necessary to enable them to maintain the Christian faith, after it is introduced among them: so another people, not from external causes, accidental conditions, but from the low order of their mental and moral endowments, may be equally unable to uphold the civilization and Christianity acquired through their relations with another race.

The negro, out of Africa at least, has always proved a docile proselyte. The race is highly susceptible of religious emotions, and prone to devotional observances. Accordingly in the South great success followed missionary labors among them. This success appeared greater than it was; for the negroes are peculiarly an imitative race; and it is easier to imitate the externals of devotions, than to understand its objects and enter into its spirit. It was soon obvious that those branches of the Church in which the habits of worship afforded the readiest vent to devout excitement by external manifestations of religious enthusiasm, and gave the greatest facilities to taking an active part in public prayer, exhortation, and in the dicipline of the congregation, took the strongest hold upon them. The negro, constitutionally, loves excitement and a crowd. He is by nature loquacious; instinctively given to oratory.—We have often had occasion to observe that, with him, no amount of ignorance or of mental obtuseness, proved the slightest bar to the impulse to exhort, to instruct, to dogmatize, or to lead in public worship.

Their knowledge of the negro convinced most of those who interested themselves in their religious condition, that both their Christianity and their civilization could only be upheld by their constant intercourse and contact with a superior and dominant race.—Even in the heart of cultivated communities, the oldest towns in the South, negro congregations under negro pastors showed a perpetual tendency to glide into a sensuous religion, into debasing superstition and corrupt practices. The negroes are prone to preserve and even to revive rites worthy of the grossest paganism. We will give an example of this: In the earliest settled part of South Carolina, on a plantation which had been in the possession of the same family for generations, the proprietor found that, when a negro died, his family, for many nights after his death, would place a dish of food on his grave; and finding the dish empty in the morning, were fully convinced that their dead kinsman had enjoyed the repast they had provided. In a Christian country, among negroes calling themselves Christ-

ians, it cost their master frequent expostulations, much explanation, and repeated prohibitions, before he could slowly eradicate this heathen rite.

The negroes, in the country especially, shunned the observation of the whites in their religious and funeral services. This shyness of remark originated both from the fear of ridicule, and of prohibition of some of their proceedings. The writer of this article, although living habitually the greater part of the year on the plantation just spoken of, did not often pry into their mysteries, yet took an occasional opportunity of observing, unobserved, the proceedings of a funeral. On the plantations the funerals usually took place at night, in order that friends from other plantations might attend. We will give an account of one we witnessed unobserved. The night was dark and somewhat rainy. The bier, preceded and followed by more than three hundred negroes, many of whom bore torches of pitch pine, was borne from the negro village to the plantation burial ground in the heart of a cedar grove. We took our post, hidden by a large tree, while the blazing torches lighted up the undulating ground, and the trunks, branches and foliage of the woodland scene. The crowd assembled around the grave with the torches blazing over their heads, and a heavy column of smoke soon formed a canopy over them, while a prayer was offered up and a discourse delivered by one of the head men of the plantation with fluency and fervor, and indications of no little knowledge of Scripture. So far all was well. But when the preacher had concluded his address, the men still stood grouped around the grave, while the women, more than a hundred, drew aside a few steps to a level spot. Here one of them began a very peculiar chant, and all the others were soon circling around her in a wild yet monotonous dance, at every pause she made, repeating by way of a chorus what she had last uttered. She sung in a *contralto* voice, and was plainly an *improvisatrice*, what she said referring either to the individual dead—lamenting his death, or dwelling on some trait in his character, or else alluding to local and contemporary matters. She displayed, amidst her extravagances, some range of sentiment, command of language and rhythmical powers, and was vociferously seconded by her dancing body-guard and somewhat bacchanalian chorus. All evidently enjoyed the occasion for venting their animal spirits under the guise of religious emotions. The whole concert accorded so ill with the *preceding* mournful occasion and the preceding solemnities, as to exhibit a revolting mixture of heathen and Christian rites. Yet most of the negroes were Methodists, many were Baptists, and others habitually catechised and preached to by a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. At the end of these ceremonies the blazing lights were thrown on the ground and extinguished, nor could one of the negroes have been afterwards induced to apply these consecrated torches to any secular use.

From all that we have seen of the religious tendencies, we had almost said instincts, of the negro, we have been forced to assent to the conclusion of an able and learned minister of the Presbyterian Church, not a native of America, who assured us that those clergymen who had devoted themselves to the instruction of congregations composed exclusively of blacks, had mistaken the mode of promoting the Christian progress; this end being best secured by bringing them into the church as adjuncts to the congregations of whites. This he had found the only means of tempering and controlling their bent to superstitious and corrupting observances.

It was constantly remarked that a strong profession of religious zeal was far more common among the negro men than women, while the reverse is the case among white people. But this, among the blacks, was almost always accompanied by an eager desire to assume, however ignorant the party might be, the character of a teacher, exhorter, and leader among his people. With some marked exceptions, it was but too evident that the hope of acquiring influence and personal advantage was the corner-stone at the foundation of their zeal. It may be that their subject condition narrowed the field of action open to the designing and ambitious; but what ever was the cause, no where else could be found, among the teachers of any class of Christians, so many wolves in sheep's clothing.

A tendency to corrupt Christianity is common to all mankind; but among the negroes it was found peculiarly difficult to abolish and keep out superstitious practices, to suppress a mere noisy manifestation of religious excitement, to impress upon them the permanent nature of the marriage bond, and to convince them of the impossibility of divorcing godliness from righteousness. A thorough knowledge of the negro made it plain that both their civilization and their Christianity were dependent upon their intercourse with and subjection to another race.

We do not mean to imply, by any thing that we have said, that the people of the South had acquitted themselves of their obligation, as Christians, to evangelize the negroes among them and under their control. The greater part of the people of these States, like the bulk of the population of every country in Christendom, are not truly followers of Christ.—Even using the term, Christian, in the lowest sense, there were still among the whites, as well as the blacks, throughout the South, large fields for apostolic labor almost unoccupied. But we can truly say that for many years the labors for the religious instruction of the negro, were far more general, more earnest, and apparently far more successful than strangers to the South, and the unobservant there, have imagined.

So much on the religious condition of the South up to 1860.—We now come to the indications and the causes of the decay of religion since that time. That the

change has been great and the downward progress rapid, can be made obvious to all. This is owing to certain material, as well as moral, causes. Of their material causes we will speak first.

In a country at once Christian and rich, the very Mammon of unrighteousness is made a powerful agent in advancing the glory of God. Even men, careless of the future, and base in their morals, often give freely of their superfluities to the building of churches, the support of ministers, the extension of missions, the publication of religious books, and the education of those destined to become instrumental for enlarging the kingdom of Christ. All history tells us that there is a close connection between the civilization and prosperity of a people, and their religious condition. We need but look at the degraded churches, and the corrupted faith of the Christian population of the first seat of our religion, and of the nations around it, now the servants of the Turk. Christianity was yet new on earth when its corruption was hastened by the wars and devastations, the decay of commerce, arts, learning, and civilization, that followed the dismemberment of the Roman Empire. At this day we see the Church of Rome every where identical in dogmas, discipline, and rites, yet widely varying in different countries in its practical nature, in its results on priest and laymen, according to the character and condition of the people of each land. It is one thing in Germany, France, and England; quite another in Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and South America.—Here at home, within the pale of other Churches than that of Rome, we can mark wide differences in the Christianity professed and practiced in the more enlightened and more ignorant parts of the world.

The people of the Southern States, after a strenuous effort to defend their political rights, and social organization, and ward off the ruin impending at the hands of their more numerous and domineering confederates, suffered an overthrow more disastrous to their material prosperity, than nine out of ten of the conquests recorded in history, ever proved to the vanquished people. For this conquest, and the social revolution resulting from it, destroyed the very elements of prosperity. The Norman conquests of England did not stamp sterility upon the soil, or paralyze the laborer's arm. The Russian conquest of Poland did not sweep away the elements of fertility, or the means of making them available. We might summon in witness a long array of conquests, which left the material resources of the conquered regions unimpaired. But the overthrow of the South, and of its social organization is surely, and not slowly, converting its most productive territories into barren wastes, hastening to return to the wilderness from which they were laboriously won.

For these States are fertile only in a certain sense, and it is not the labor of every race that can make that fertility available.—The climate, in most parts below,

and many above the thirty-fifth degree of latitude, is ill-suited to the winter growing grain crops, which furnish the chief food of civilized man. Here the yield is most uncertain, and always small. The summer's sun parches up the pastures and cuts short the produce of the meadows, so that little profit is derived from cattle and the products of the dairy. The South is dependent for food on summer-growing crops, requiring frequent tillage during their growth, most of it by manual labor, during the hottest and most unhealthy season of the year.

But if the climate, and perhaps the soil, of the southern part of this continent, and those of the adjacent islands have been found ill-suited to the ordinary crops of the farm, they are admirably adapted to some great agricultural staples, which at once become the basis of a world-wide commerce; for, while they can be grown to advantage, only, under peculiar climates, they are easily transported to, and eagerly sought after in, every land.

A great field was here opened for agricultural enterprise, industry, and skill. But, from the first settlement of the country, it has been found that, on the more productive soils of this bountiful region, the man of Caucasian race followed the labors of the field at the cost of health, and the hazard of life. He cultivated summer-growing crops, unlike the crops sowed from their first germination, in autumn, and growing through the winter, they struggled for air and soil with a host of rank-growing weeds. They can only be preserved and protected by frequent tillage, during their growth, chiefly by manual labor, at the hottest season of the year. We hear sometimes of great returns to farming with white labor in the South. The instances are few, are confined to peculiarly healthy spots, and the success grossly exaggerated.—What says the experience of two centuries? The constitutions of few white men long stand the wasting effects of the climate, when laid open to its worst influences by the fatigue and exposure of the husbandman's toil under our almost tropical sun. The country was settled at a frightful cost of human life. Families of European laborers either ceased to toil as they were wont at home, or died out. Every one who has witnessed the amount of toil undergone, the year round, by the hard working peasantry of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany, knows that in the productive parts of the Southern States, such a class neither does, nor can exist.

But this was not the result with all races. The negroes brought hither from Africa, by the ships of old and New England, found a climate and country congenial to their nature, differing indeed somewhat from their native land, but, perhaps, more favorable to them. This we may infer from their speedy multiplication by natural increase, and their improvement in efficiency, intelligence and civilization; or must we attribute these effects, not in part to country and climate, but

altogether to their improved social condition? Less than three hundred thousand Africans, the first of whom were brought to the English Colonies in North America since the middle of the 17th century, and most of them a hundred years later, were represented, in 1860, by more than four millions of their offspring. Certain it is that, in numberless regions of the South, the same air that breathes pestilence and death to the white man, wafts health and vigor to the black.

If the experience of two centuries proves that no great and profitable return can be looked for from the soil of the South but through negro labor, the experience of the three years which have elapsed since the emancipation of the negroes—backed by the results of negro freedom in Hayti, Jamaica, Cape Colony and in the Northern States—equally proves that, with few exceptions, the negro, as a free man, is unprofitable to himself, and as a hireling, worthless and ruinous to all who employ him. In 1790, French St. Domingo exported $25,000,000 in sugar and coffee alone—the Empire of Hayti has taken its place, and exports—nothing worth naming. Its people are truly '*fruges consumere nati*,' for their scanty diet is little else than fruit, the spontaneous gift of the soil. Chronic revolution seems to be the only other production. In Jamaica the strong hand of Great Britain has failed to sustain industry; and after thirty years of experiment, it has been found necessary, to enforce order and protect life, by abolishing the local legislature, and putting the Queen's authority in its place. Such is the testimony of Hayti and Jamaica. Every witness from abroad tells a similar tale. Here in the South, except in small farming in the least fertile, and therefore more healthy parts of the country, where white men can labor without ruin to their health, agricultural labor has been so far annihilated that the outlay on almost every agricultural enterprise, and indeed on all undertakings requiring much unskilled labor, has far exceeded the returns. They must all be abandoned. The planter reaps only ruin. The people of the South find themselves poorer and less hopeful year by year. Many, formerly wealthy and still holding large landed property, once of great value, are reduced to absolute want. Their land is worthless, for the only labor that can render it productive can hardly be said to exist. The few fields cultivated yearly shrink within narrower bounds. The idleness and consequent destitution of the negroes drives them to depredate on the crops before they are harvested or even ripe—and are a yet more fatal obstacle to all pastoral industry; for live stock of all kinds rapidly disappears before the nocturnal enterprises of these hungry marauders. Already, in some parts of the country, the impulses of desperate want, guided by the emissaries of evil sent among them, gather them into armed bands, in open day light, and drive them to acts of wholesale plunder, violence and outrage. These may be local and

temporary; but the destruction of the agricultural and pastoral prosperity of the country is permanent, and involves the utter loss of value in all fixed capital there.

The mass of the people of the South, formerly so prosperous, are stinted in the necessaries of life. Many neighborhoods have been almost deserted by the educated, the influential, and the once wealthy classes. There is not now in the South remunerative employment for a fifth of those whose professions imply a liberal and costly education. The greater number of them must seek new homes, where their skill and knowledge may be valued and rewarded—or remain to starve on incomes falling short of the wages of a ploughman. This falls with peculiar weight on the clergy. Although their calling relates chiefly to man's interest in another world, they must be fed, clothed, and housed in this; for 'the laborer is worthy of his hire.' But, when the wants of this life come to press heavily on a needy people, men begin to retrench by dispensing with the services of a profession whose duties refer to a life yet to come. The minister is starved out on a curtailed and often unpaid salary. Soon he must neglect dispensing 'the bread of life' to earn that bread which feeds the body. 'For he, who provideth not for his own household, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.'—Churches are closed and not reopened, they decay and are not repaired, they crumble to the earth and are not rebuilt. Even churches richly endowed are no better off, for their glebe lands become valueless like all other property in the country.

Upon those branches of the church, like the Episcopal and Presbyterian, which require of their ministers a high standard in education and social position, the evil falls soonest and heaviest; but it has gradually a ruinous effect on all. Even the church of Rome, in which, from the celibacy of the clergy, a high standard of education is maintained at comparatively a small cost, will be slowly starved out.

Now though numbers of mankind pass through life apparently without a thought beyond the bare and fleeting objects of this world, yet, by his very nature, man is prone to some kind of worship; and by his fallen and corrupt nature he is prone to the gradual degradation of the mode and object of that worship. No people are long without religious teachers; for their's is a post of power, the greater in proportion to the ignorance of their flock, often too great to measure that of the pastor. Nor is it mere ignorance that takes the place of knowledge. Error in its most corrupting forms, soon fills the place of truth. We can only shut out from the church gross imposture, groveling superstition, revolting rites, and mad fanaticism through the labors of an educated class of men especially devoted to the study and teaching of the word of God. But throughout large portions of the South the people have no longer the means of maintaining this class, indispensible as their services may be.

But besides the causes originating in the poverty and ruin of the country, others of a moral nature are exerting an evil influence on the religious faith of too many in the South.

The people of these States entered on secession with a good conscience, and defended their rights, in arms, with undoubting faith, fully believing it to be not only their right, but their duty, to break off all partnership with their Northern confederates. This conviction, which had been growing on them for years, sprung into action at the new light, thrown by late and startling developments, on the true character and designs of the mass of the Northern people.

The people of the Southern States felt that they had a civilization worth preserving, and that it was altogether dependent on the maintenance of their political and social organization. Observing and reflecting men, among them, had long foreseen, and proclaimed that the triumph of the Northern policy and machinations must at once bring down political and moral degradation on the South, with its economical ruin; and condemn the negro to barbarism, godless superstition, and ultimate extinction.

When denounced and anathematized by the Northern abolitionists, the Southern slave-holder had looked to the North to ascertain the true motives and character of his vituperative assailants, and the condition of the negroes living among them. He at once saw that there was no accord between the words and actions of the Northern people. The negro there was but a masterless slave, needing, but destitute of, an individual protector; the *pariah* of the community, thrown off to find for himself the necessaries of life, yet excluded, by a social excommunication, from every profitable and reputable calling. Although recruited by occasional fugitives from the South, the negroes there were dwindling in numbers, and dying out from destitution. For the working classes at the North, universally treated the black man as an interloper, standing in the way of the whites; and if he attempted to follow any trade or craft, which the former found it profitable to engage in, the mob soon taught him, by club law, to repent his presumption. We will give a single illustration of this feeling: In a Northern city, a negro fugitive from the South, where he had been bred a bricklayer, obtained employment as a hodman on a house, then building, on one of the principal streets. When the workmen went to dinner, the negro, who had no dinner to go to, thought he would try if his hand had lost its skill, and began to lay a few bricks. This attracted the notice of some workmen passing by, and a group of them gathered together, the exclamation was soon heard, 'Look at that damned negro pretending to do a white man's work!' A shower of brick-bats at once drove him from his trowel, and obliged him to seek refuge within the building, to escape a fracture of the skull.

It was easy to see that there

was mingled with the Northern hostility to negro slavery, a large amount of hostility to the negro. There were, in fact, two classes of Abolitionists, one seeking to abolish negro slavery, the other to abolish the negro himself, as a nuisance and obstruction in the white man's way. Many who professed to be of the former class, really belonged to the latter. Southern men saw so many proofs, both open and latent, of this animosity against the blacks, that they were forced to recognize in themselves, as the masters, the only real friends and protectors of the race. In the day of secession we doubt if there was a single secessionist who believed that the negroes would be as well off in freedom as they then were. The belief of that day has now ripened into knowledge.

We might bring forward a thousand proofs of the hollowness of the anti-slavery sentiment. A few will suffice. This same people of the North, while they proclaim the universal equality of man, in their animosity against the whites of the South, are moving heaven and earth to give the negroes the control of the local governments there; yet, at home, among themselves, they deny all social and political equality to the black, shut him out from all share of power, all lucrative and creditable pursuits. Again: All remember the immense success at the North, of Helper's 'Impending Crisis,' a book written to rouse the people there to tear down the barriers of the Constitution, in order to abolish negro slavery. Its object and sentiments procured it the public endorsement of a large portion of the Northern Senators and Representatives. The book was but a tissue of abuse of the South, except in its shallow and blundering attempt to prove to Southern men who had no slaves, that slavery was a debasing obstruction to them, while the slave-holders, not one-twentieth part of the whites in the South, alone, drew profit and power from it. Insidious as his reasoning was, few in the South were misled by it, and its utter falsehood is now known to all. But his aim is attained; the work is accomplished; the negro is free. And Helper now writes a second book to prove that the negro is an encumbrance and curse upon the land, and must be driven out, or exterminated. Are these the vagaries of a madman? No. They are the successive and well-timed strokes of a concocted policy. Now, as in 1860, Helper finds readers and approvers in crowds. His book is the manifesto of a party. He is a representative man.

For years the world has rung with clamorous anathemas against the enormities perpetrated by the slave-holders in the South. Listen to the Abolitionists, and negro slavery was the only shape evil assumed on earth. All the world was an Eden, and this the black and crawling viper which poisoned its innocence, polluted its zephyrs, and desolated its fruitful groves. They raked up every fact and falsehood that could illustrate their history of 'The Great Iniquity.' But they chose their facts like that unim-

aginative painter, who sketched each distorted limb and feature he got sight of, in order by combining them, to paint his monster.

We have no wish to deny that, in this, as in other cases, the possession of power led to instances of brutal tyranny. We might add thrilling incidents to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' perhaps more authentic than those found there, but liable to the same objection, that they represented the rare exceptions, and not the rule. Nor would we perpetuate the blunder of making the negro and mulatto the superior race. But we could quite as easily make up our fagot of social horrors in the free communities of London and New York.

There are two or three broad facts, which no man can deny, yet which give the 'lie direct' to the oft-repeated assertions as to the cruelty of the Southern master, and the misery of the slave.

The rapid multiplication of the negroes throughout the South, and their increased efficiency over native Africans, is, itself, sufficient proof that they were not in an unnatural or disadvantageous condition. Being chiefly occupied in rural labors, they were spreading over the country even more rapidly than the whites, fast as they grew in numbers. This slave population, so assiduously pictured, by the Yankee and English anti-slavery press, as bowed down and worn out by unceasing toil, and ruled with brutal severity, was, in general, well provided for, not over worked, and easily controlled by their masters, among whom oppression and harshness was the exception, and not the rule. It is a libel on human nature, contradicted by all experience, to assert that the exercise of power engenders the desire only to oppress, and not to benefit those under our control. In this case the result proved its falsehood. A natural, and therefore general, though not universal, union of selfish interests and kindly feelings led the master to take care that his negro should be fed, and not hungry, clothed and not naked, sheltered and not houseless; that he should seek comfort in a house, and not fly as from a prison; that he should be, not a beast goaded on under the yoke, but a laborer to be employed; not an enemy to be watched and feared even in his bonds, but a dependent who could be trusted. And that these objects were not only aimed at but attained, is proved by undeniable facts. The natural docility of the negro, a certain sluggishness of body and mind, a sense of inferiority lead him to look beyond himself and his own race for guidance and command, and render him the most easily governed and most incapable of ruling, of all people. All the intrigues and machinations of the Northern Abolitionists failed to throw the negroes into a rebellious or even discontented mood. Nothing can more conclusively prove this, and that the negroes were in a natural and comfortable condition, than the absence, not only before, but during the war, of insurrection or even insubordination; even when, in many parts of the country, the greater number of the few mas-

ters were absent on military service, leaving the women and children surrounded by, and to the protection of, large gangs of negroes, whose only change of conduct, as time passed on, was a gradual slackening of industry for the indulgence of the indolence so natural to them. Even in the midst of the war, at points not remote from the enemy, but daily reverberating with the sound of their cannon, many negroes were habitually entrusted with fire-arms, as plantation watchmen, or when sent in pursuit of game, and no ill consequence ensued.—In every part of the South it required the actual presence and exhortations of the enemy to induce them to throw off what had been constantly pictured as a grievous and galling yoke. What the negroes sought, when left to themselves, was not freedom, but exemption from that labor which is the lot of man. To the end of the war it was starvation and impressment, not voluntary enlistment that filled the ranks, constantly thinned by desertion, of the negro regiments raised by the United States Government in the South. It was only when goaded on by the counsels and exhortations of the Northern agitator that the negro, when freed, exhibited feelings of hostility against the Southern man, and generally least of all against his former master. These feelings were not found in their hearts, but had to be sown and cultivated there. There were of course, exceptional cases. Four millions of people can be no where found who do not include characters of every kind. But of the negroes as a class, the whites, as their former masters, had no cause to complain. The same nature makes him worthless as a hireling, which made him so useful as a slave. Of all races he alone accepts servitude as a decree of nature and not of necessity.—But spontaneous industry seems foreign to his constitution. When free, laziness is his master. He must be trained to systematic labor by authority, example, and some penalty on indolence, nearer at hand and more definite than the mere prospect of want.

STORM AND CALM.

BY HENRY TIMROD.

Sweet are these kisses of the South
As if they dropped from maiden's mouth;
And softer are these cloudless skies
Than many a tender maiden's eyes.

But, ah! beneath such influence
Thought is too often lost in sense;
And Action, faltering, as we thrill,
Sinks in the unnerved arms of Will!

Awake, thou Stormy North! and blast
The subtle spells around us cast;
Beat from our limbs these flowery chains
With the sharp scourges of thy rains!

Bring with thee from thy polar cave
All the wild sounds of wind and wave,
Of toppling berg and grinding floe,
And the dread avalanche of snow.

Wrap us in Arctic night and clouds,
Yell like a fiend amid the shrouds
Of some slow-sinking vessel, when
He hears the shrieks of drowning men.

Blend in thy mighty voice whate'er
Of danger, terror, and despair,
Thou hast encountered in thy sweep
Across the land and o'er the deep.

Pour in our ears all notes of woe
That, as these very moments flow,
Rise like a harsh, discordant psalm,
While we lie here in tropic calm.

Sting our weak hearts with bitter shame,
Bear us along with thee like flame;
And show that even to destroy
More godlike may be than to toy,
And rust or rot in idle joy!

THE STATE OF FRANKLIN.

AT the return of the members from Tarborough, in July, of 1788, it was announced that the parent State had no intention of acceding to the views of those who favored the establishment of the Franklin Government. A fit opportunity soon after occurred of testing the supremacy of the old and new dynasty. We copy or condense from Haywood an account of it. A *fieri facias* had been placed in the hands of the sheriff of Washington county to be executed against the property of Sevier. The sheriff, acting under the authority of North Carolina, seized Sevier's negroes and removed them for safe keeping to the house of Col. Tipton. Sevier was, at this time, on the frontier providing for the defence of the inhabitants against the Indians. Hearing of the seizure of his negroes, by virtue of an illegal process, as he deemed it, and by an officer not legally constituted, he resolved to suppress all opposition to the new government. He raised a hundred and fifty men and marched directly to Tipton's house, near to which he arrived in the afternoon. Not more than fifteen men of Tipton's party were then with him. Sevier halted his troops two or three hundred yards from the house, on a sunken piece of ground, where they were covered from annoyance by those in the house. Tipton had gained some intimation af Sevier's approach and barricaded the house against the expected assault. The Governor presented himself and his troops, with a small piece of ordnance, took post in front of the house and demanded the unconditional surrender of Tipton and of all who were with him.—Tipton sent word to Sevier to "fire and be damned." Sevier then sent a written summons.—This, with a letter calling for assistance, Tipton sent immediately to Col. Maxwell, in Sullivan county. For some time Tipton would not permit any communication with Sevier. Early next morning, however, he consented that one of his men should correspond with Sevier. This correspondence resulted in nothing, only allowed time for Tipton's expected reinforcements, which did arrive, and by their junction with the besieged, infused fresh vigor into their resolutions. Elholm, who was second in command to Sevier, in order to make short work, and to avoid the danger of delay, proposed the erection of a light movable battery, under cover of which the troops might safely advance to the walls of the house. In the mean time, those coming in and going out of the house, were fired upon and one man was killed and another wounded. Col. Maxwell, with one hundred and eighty men, had, at night, reached nearly to the camp of Sevier, and avoiding his sentinels, approached Tipton's house and awaited the dawn of day to raise the siege. As soon as objects had become visible, the snow falling, and Sevier's

men advancing on the house, the troops under Maxwell fired a volley and raised a shout which seemed to reach the heavens, and communicated to the besieged that deliverance was at hand.—From the house they reëchoed the shout and immediately sallied out upon the besiegers. In the midst of these loud rejoicings a tremor seized the dismayed adherents of Sevier, and they fled in all directions, through every avenue that promised escape from the victors. Tipton and Maxwell did not follow them more than two hundred yards. Within one hour afterwards Sevier sent in a flag, proposing terms of accommodation. One man had been mortally wounded. Among the prisoners were two of Sevier's sons. Tipton forthwith determined to hang them both, but by solicitations of some of Tipton's party, with whom the young men were at good understanding, he desisted from his purpose.

This is the account usually given of the affair between Sevier and Tipton. It is believed to be mainly correct. The declaration put into the mouth of Gov. Sevier, that he intended to suppress all opposition to Franklin by *force*, needs confirmation, or ought to be qualified. From the commencement of the difficulties between the parent State and her revolted counties, Sevier had determined to avoid, and did prevent, violence and bloodshed.—His moderation and his good temper, have been attested by the narrative of every pioneer this writer has had the opportunity to examine. The Governor in every instance dissuaded from violence, or even tumult. His own letters private and official, breathe the same spirit. In one of them he deprecated pathetically to Gov. Mathews, a resort to force, and speaks of the mother State with affection and regard—indeed in a tone of filial piety, which cannot be too much admired. His conduct during the siege of Tipton's house, and until he withdrew from it, demonstrates what is intended here to be said, that Gov. Sevier did not intend to maintain the authority of Franklin by force. It is known that in order to recover his property, then in the custody of Tipton's adherents, and confined in the house, the determined spirit of that brave man defied Sevier. Major Elholm advised an immediate assault, and offered to lead it. The Governor restrained the ardor of his Adjutant and declared, that not a gun should be fired. Elholm renewed his application for leave to storm the house, when he was silenced by the remark that he came not there to kill his countrymen, and that those who followed him had no such wish or design. Sevier himself, and most of his adherents, were too patriotic not to be dissatisfied with the position which surrounding circumstances had forced him to assume, and which he now most reluctantly occupied, at the head of the insurgents, and prompted to engage them in a fratricidal warfare. His sword had been often drawn for his country—his heart had never quailed before its enemies. Over these he had often triumphed; but now he refused to imbrue

his hands in the blood of patriotic countrymen and friends. The patriot prevailed over the officer, the citizen over the soldier. The sternness of the commander yielded to the claims of duty, and of a common citizenship. His demeanor during the siege, and especially on the night before the assault, is represented by those of his party who served under him, before and after this occasion, to have been very different from that which he usually manifested. The men under his command exhibited the same altered behavior. In all their campaigns, ardor and enthusiasm attended the march—care and vigilance the bivouac,—the mirthful song and the merry jest were heard in every tent. On these occasions, it was the custom of Sevier to visit every mess and to participate in their hilarity. He spoke of enemies and dangers before, and of friends and home behind them. He was thus the companion and friend and idol of his soldiery. But now the camp of the Governor of Franklin was dreary and cheerless. No merry laugh was heard—nor song—nor jest. Little care and less vigilance was taken in placing out his sentinels.—Sevier was silent, appeared abstracted, thoughtful, and at this time only in his whole public life, morose and ascetic. Elholm's vivacity failed to arouse him. He communicated little to that officer, he said nothing to his men. He took no precaution, suggested no plans, either of attack or defence. The enemies of his country were not before him, and the patriot Governor repressed the aspirations of the "Commander-in-Chief of the army of the State of Franklin." In no other instance can be found a livelier exhibition of the true moral sublime of patriotism.

The example of Sevier was contagious. The energy and skill of Elholm effected nothing. Even he could not convert American citizens into fratricides.

A similar spirit actuated the adverse party. Their courageous leader acted only on the defensive. When the siege was raised no immediate pursuit was made. The besiegers and the besieged were soon after friends and peaceable neighbors. It is still strange, under all the circumstances, that so few of both parties were killed or wounded. This has sometimes been ascribed to, and accounted for, by the heavy snow storm which occurred during the siege, and especially at the assault.—One of the besieged, the late Dr. Taylor, may explain it in his own words: "We did not go there to fight. Neither party intended to do that. Many on both sides were unarmed, and some who had guns did not even load them.—Most of us went to prevent mischief, and did not intend to let the neighbors kill one another.—Our men shot into the air, and Sevier's men into the corners of the house. As to the storm of snow keeping the men from taking sure aim, it is all a mistake. Both sides had the best marksmen in the world, who had often killed a deer, and shot it in the head too, when a heavier snow was falling. The men did not try to kill any body. They could easily have

done so if they had been enemies."

Of the same import is another authority. "Col. Pemberton ordered a general discharge of the rifles of his party. The discharge was made intentionally to avoid shooting any of Sevier's men."—Other testimony to the same effect might be given, all confirmatory of the position that is here taken, that both parties, leaders and adherents, were alike indisposed to shed blood.

The date of this affair was the 28th of February, 1788. Agreeably to the Constitution of Franklin, the duration of Sevier's office as Governor continued no longer than the 1st of March, and as the Assembly had failed to make a new appointment of a successor, as Sevier himself was ineligible, he was now without office and authority, and a mere private citizen. During the time he had administered the affairs of Franklin, little disturbance existed from the Indians on the frontier. The Cherokees had learned, by past experience, the danger of hostilities with the Franklin people, when commanded by an officer of such vigor and capacity, as in all his campaigns, had been manifested by Sevier. But during the short absence of such of the riflemen as had gone from the lower settlements to the camp of the Governor near Tipton's house, a Cherokee invasion occurred. Messengers were immediately dispatched from the frontier after Sevier, urging his immediate return.—These he received just after his fruitless siege of Tipton's house, and when the disasters of the day hung like a pall around him, and ulcerated his wounded spirit. In a moment Sevier was himself again; elastic, brave, energetic, daring and patriotic. At the head of a body of mounted riflemen, he was at once upon the frontier to guard and protect its most defenceless points and to chastise the enemy in their distant villages.

General Martin who now commanded the brigade of North Carolina militia west of the mountains, continued the policy of conciliation which had so long characterized both of the contending parties. He wrote to General Kennedy, late a Franklin brigadier, and an adherent of Sevier, begging "his friendly interposition to bring about a reconciliation. You well know this is the only way to bring about a separation, and also a reconciliation for our worthy friend (meaning Sevier) whose situation at this time, is very disagreeable. I most sensibly feel for him, and will go very great lengths to serve him. Pray see him often and give him all the comfort you can. Tell the people my object is reconciliation, not war."

There were few—perhaps none—even of the adherents of the old State, whose feelings and wishes, in reference to Sevier, were not in exact consonance with those expressed by General Martin in this letter. Its tone, its moderation, its wisdom, its sympathy for a soldier and a patriot, constitute the highest eulogy upon his own good sense, his patriotism and his kind feeling. They cannot be too much admired or too closely imitated. They saved the country

from further tumult and violence, and all opposition, on the part of Franklin to North Carolina, ceased. Still there were not wanting in the West, extra loyal men—the simon pures of a later day—ultra-patriots, who represented to Governor Johnston (the successor of Governor Caswell) that the conduct and motives of Sevier were *treasonable*. Instructions were accordingly sent by Johnston, to Judge Campbell, to issue a warrant for his arrest and confinement in jail, as guilty of high treason. Sevier was now really a private citizen, without command or authority, and yet he was constantly at the head of troops—volunteers, who selected him as their commander, and who followed his standard and obeyed his orders, as fully and as cheerfully as if he were yet in power. The frontier people knew that they could not be safe, but by their own exertions and military services. They needed a leader to combine their strength, discipline the troops, project expeditions, secure their exposed stations, expel their Indian enemies, and give quiet and safety to a scattered and defenceless people. This responsible duty they imposed on Sevier. He could not decline the position thus assigned him by acclamation. He assumed it cheerfully and executed its duties well.

The order for the arrest of Sevier was not obeyed by Judge Campbell. The past relations of that officer with the Governor of Franklin, and his own agency in several transactions of that Government, made him unwilling, if he was not otherwise incapacitated, to execute that duty. But Spencer, another of the judges, issued the warrant against Sevier, for the crime of high treason.

Sevier, in the mean time, after his return from his Indian campaigns, appeared openly in all public places, and was present at Jonesboro when a council of military officers was held. During the day, some of the officers and Sevier had an altercation, which revived past difficulties between them and the ex-Governor. They had separated and left town.—Next morning Tipton and a few of his friends pursued and arrested Sevier a few miles in the country, and brought him back to Jonesboro. From here, under guard, he was sent for trial, across the mountains to Morganton where he was delivered to Wm. Morrison, the then Sheriff of Burke county. The guard with Sevier, had passed through the McDowell settlement, two of whom had experienced his hospitality when refugees on Nollichuckee, and had seen service with him at King's Mountain.—These became sureties for the appearance of Sevier at Morganton, and he was allowed a few days' absence. He returned punctually as he had promised, and was afterwards still further enlarged by the Sheriff. In a few days his two sons, and other friends from the west, came into town singly and were with the people generally, without suspicion. At night when the court broke up and the people dispersed, they, with the ex-Governor, pushed forward toward the mountains with the

greatest rapidity, and before morning arrived at them, and were beyond the reach of pursuit.*

Morganton had been selected for the trial of the prisoner as being the most convenient and accessible court in the State, and beyond the limits of the late Franklin jurisdiction; the authorities wisely concluding that at home Sevier could not be successfully prosecuted. The change of venue, however, operated nothing in favor of the prosecution. Burke had been a strong whig county, and no where were whig principles, whig sacrifices, and whig efforts held in higher esteem or more properly appreciated. The McDowells, McGinsies, Alexanders, and all the whigs of that neighborhood had witnessed, and still gratefully recollected, the timely succor and substantial aid rendered to them and their cause, in the hour of trial, by Sevier and his countrymen. He was now a prisoner in their midst, charged with the highest offence known to the laws; they knew him to be a patriot, in exile and distress; they felt for his sufferings, and sympathized in his fallen fortunes. These noble patriots of North Carolina, while sensible that the majesty of law had been offended, were yet unwilling that its penalty should be enforced, or that Sevier should be made its victim. They stood around the court yard in approving silence, witnessed and connived at the rescue, and discountenanced pursuit.

* An account of the arrest and romantic rescue of Sevier is given in Ramsey's Tennessee, page 425-429.

The capture and brief expatriation of Sevier served only to awaken, in his behalf, the higher appreciation of his services and a deeper conviction of his claims to the esteem and consideration of his countrymen. His return was every where greeted with enthusiasm and joy.

The Assembly of North Carolina again extended the Act of pardon and oblivion to such of the Franklin revolters as chose to avail themselves of its provisions. But it was at the same time distinctly provided "that the benefit of this Act shall not entitle John Sevier to the enjoyment of any office of profit, of honor, or trust in the State of North Carolina, but that he be expressly debarred therefrom."

An enactment of this kind may have been due to the supremacy of law. It was in exact conflict, however, with the wishes and voice and decision of the people. Public sentiment, even in high places, demanded its immediate repeal. Technically, Sevier was an insurgent. In all respects, however, he was a lover of his country, and had entitled himself to its highest honors, and its richest rewards. His countrymen could not spare him from their military service; they would not refuse him employment in their civil affairs. At the August election of the next year, after the legislative infliction of these disabilities, the people of Greene county called upon Sevier to represent them in the Senate of North Carolina. He was elected, it need not be added, without difficulty. At the appointed time,

November 2, 1789, he attended, at Fayetteville, but waited a few days before he took his seat. During this interval, the Assembly repealed the clause of the Act excluding him from holding office. Sevier then took his seat after the usual oath of allegiance to North Carolina was administered. Some days after, General Davie introduced a resolution, to enquire into the conduct of the Senator from Greene. It was well known that the proposition would not be favorably received, and to the great satisfaction of the mover the motion for enquiry was laid on the table.

But the work of entire conciliation was not yet completed, on the part of North Carolina, and by the appointment of the Assembly, Sevier was rëinstated in the command he had held before the Franklin Revolt, of Brigadier General for all the western counties, and laws were passed confirmatory of administrations, granted by the Franklin courts, and legalizing marriages, celebrated under the authority of that government. The magnanimity of the Assembly went further in providing for the wants, and promoting the interests of the western people. They laid off a new Congressional District, embracing all her territory west of the Alleghanies, now constituting the great State of Tennessee. From this District thus provided for his laudable ambition, his invaluable services, and his great abilities, John Sevier was elected, and he is thus probably the first member of Congress from the great valley of the Mississippi. "Wednesday, June 16th, 1790, John Sevier, another member from North Carolina, appeared and took his seat."*

VINDICATION OF FRANKLIN.

This may be considered as the finale of Franklin. In speaking of it, in the preceding pages, terms have been used requiring qualification, which, without interrupting the current narrative, could not be elsewhere given.—Insurrection, revolt, dismemberment, defection, as here used, need to be explained, when applied either to those of the Western people, who separated from the parent State, or those of them who afterwards renounced the new government. In either case, the action of the parties need not be ascribed to fickleness of purpose or bad faith, much less to disloyalty to their proper rulers, or insubordination to regular government and law. In vindication of those who once appeared on the side of Franklin and now appeared on the side of North Carolina, it has been well remarked by Haywood "that the face of affairs was quite different at the time of the Convention which resolved on Independence, and in the Autumn of 1786. Before this juncture there was no governmental head, to which the people of the Western counties could carry their complaints. In 1784, it is true, the assembly which passed the Cession Act, retained the sovereignty and jurisdiction of North Carolina in and over the ceded territory,

* Annals of Congress. Vol. 2, page 1,640.

and all the inhabitants thereof, until the United States, in Congress, should have accepted the Cession. Yet, in reality, so long as the Cession Act continued unrepealed, North Carolina felt herself as much estranged from the inhabitants of the Western counties, as she was from any other State or territory in the Union, until induced by the bonds of Federalism and a common interest, so far as concerned their external relations with the other nations of the globe, but wholly unconnected, so far as regarded their internal regulations and engagements. And as any one State was not obliged, by the nature of the Federal duties, to advance monies, for the maintenance of another in the possession of her rights, but through the intervention of all in Congress assembled; so neither did North Carolina conceive herself bound to exert her strength and resources for the defence of the Western counties, unless in the proportion for which she was liable to other Federal contributions. It was in vain, then, to solicit her interference in behalf of the Western counties, so long as the Cession Act subsisted, but when that was repealed, and the precipitancy of the Western people obliterated, it cannot be a matter of surprise, that well meaning and intelligent people should, thenceforward, deem it their duty to return to their dependence on North Carolina.

In behalf of those who sustained their separation from North Carolina until 1788, it may be further added, that in withdrawing from the parent State, and establishing a separate government, the secessionists believed that the course adopted by them, would, at *least imperfectly preserve quiet and order*, under the circumstances in which the Cession act had placed them. Their course was pacific and conservative, and at first, united and harmonized all. Nothing destructive or revolutionary, much less belligerent, was intended or contemplated. In 1784, the Confederation had demonstrated the inadequacy of that organization, as a permanent system of General Government. The transfer, by North Carolina, of her western counties to Congress, at that time imbecile and powerless, even over the original Confederated States, and the novelty of the experiment, had produced alarm, excited apprehension, and aroused a deep discontent in the new settlements. And, perhaps, these could have been quieted and appeased as effectually, in no other way, as the temporary assumption and exercise of the power of separate and distinct self-government.

Again. Heretofore, no instance had presented itself of the formation of an independent State from the territory embraced within the boundaries of a political sovereignty. The process of separation, and the mode of accomplishing it, were all new and unattempted, alike by the people and the State and General Governments. Now, when the creation of these new political organizations has become matter of frequent occurrence, and plain and easy by its successful trial

and repetition, little or no cause can be seen why the subject should then have been viewed as embarrassed with inherent difficulties. But let it be remembered that "in the Articles of Confederation, no provision was made for the creation or admission of New *States*. Canada was to be admitted of right, on her joining in the measures of the United States, and the other *colonies*, at the discretion of nine States. The eventual establishment of new States, seems to have been entirely overlooked by the compilers of that instrument."* The inconvenience of this omission, in the Articles of Confederation, was most apparent, and it may be well questioned whether the Congress of the Confederacy, could, without an assumption of power, have given to the people of the territory, ceded in 1784, a form of State government, such as was guaranteed to them by the provisions of the constitution of North Carolina.

Under this view of the subject, it is not strange that the Cession Act was followed by dissatisfaction and revolt in the Western counties. Their people had been represented in the State Convention of 1776, and it had been probably at the instance of their own delegates in that body, that the provision was then made for "the establishment of one or more governments westward of this State, by consent of the legislature." Indeed, it may be well questioned, whether with this provision of the Bill of Rights, preceding the Constitution itself, the Act of Cession was not unauthorized and invalid.

Be that as it may, the Cession of her Western territory by North Carolina to Congress, as it was, under the Articles of Confederation in 1784, was obviously inexpedient and impolitic. And it was not till the adoption of the Federal Constitution in 1788, that this measure became either wise or practicable. This did not escape the discernment of the malcontent but virtuous and patriotic people of Franklin when the new State ceased to be and they returned to their allegiance to the mother State. This event was not unexpected by its most steadfast friends and supporters, nor were its effects to be deplored. It resulted from no legislative error or want of executive skill, no fickleness of popular sentiment, no defect of public virtue.

Every review of the conduct of both parties in the disaffected counties, from 1784 to 1788, reflects honor upon their patriotism, their moderation, their love of order and their virtue. No other instance is recollected in which two antagonistic governments, existed so long over the same people with so little anarchy, so little misrule, so little violence. A period of nearly four years was passed under two political systems of government, each having its separate Executive, State Council, Legislature and Judiciary, each its own county and military organizations, its own partizans and adherents. And amidst all the rivalry and conflict, personal and official, which must have arisen from this unexampled

* Mr. Madison in the Federalist.

condition of things, the annalist of these early times, has recorded but two deaths, almost no bloodshed, and little violation of property. Private rights were held sacred and inviolable. If, in the collisions between the officers of the two governments, an occasional feat of pugilism did occur, resulting in a trifling mutilation of one or both of the combatants, there followed less of acrimony, unmanly revenge and pitiful spite, than is produced by the disreputable squabbles of the aspirants and functionaries of the present day — members of the same government, and united under the same constitution and laws. In all that was done in Franklin, it is impossible to detect any tendency to radicalism. In their warmest aspirations for self-government and independence, there cannot be found one feature of modern agrarianism or the prostration of all law, but only a disposition to protect themselves from violence and aggression, and possible danger to their rights. This is no partial judgment. It is sustained by the testimony of competent tribunals, east and west of the Alleghanies. Their decisions may be briefly stated.

The formation of a new State was only a question as to *time*. In all the letters, manifestoes, and proclamations of the Governor of the parent State, the *separation* is spoken of as not only right in itself, but desirable, and, at the proper time, expedient. So general was the sentiment, even in North Carolina, in favor of the separation, and so little inclination was there to prevent it by legislative interference, that the General Assembly, though convened by the proclamation of the Governor and Council, "failed to meet." Such was the decision of the people and authorities of North Carolina, east of the mountains, on the abstract question of a new State, west of it. The same opinion was entertained by Dr. Franklin—by three of the Governors of Georgia, and by other statesmen.

As to the *time* and *mode* of a measure of such magnitude, there could not be expected to be entire unanimity—there never is—there never will be. Those adopted in 1784, at first, as has been seen, gave very general satisfaction, and harmonized the community most directly interested, as being the best time and manner of providing the least objectionable measures to quiet the discontented and aggravated citizens of the ceded territory. Was the Revolt of 1784 justifiable—was it wise—was it patriotic—did it prevent greater evils—would a different policy have secured greater good, or produced better results? may be questions of difficult solution. However these may be answered, the verdict of the contemporaries of the Revolters has ever been in their favor, vindicating their patriotism and asserting the integrity of their motives. Those most active and determined and steadfast in the revolt, were, and never ceased to be, the greatest favorites of their countrymen everywhere. General public sentiment is seldom wrong, it never condemns the innocent—it rarely

vindicates the guilty. While it scorns the wilful offender, it excuses or palliates unintentional error. It always sustains good intentions and wise purposes, and rewards the faithful public servant. This was emphatically true of the Franklin leaders. We have already mentioned the election of Sevier to Congress. So soon as the western counties became the "Territory of the United States, south of the Ohio," Sevier and his Captains became prominent among its officers. The Territory becomes the State of Tennessee, and the Ex-Governor of Franklin is at once called upon to become its Chief Magistrate, in which office the partiality of his countrymen continued him for twelve years, when being no longer eligible, he is transferred again to Congress—is appointed to a distant service by President Madison, and while absent on that duty, by the continued confidence of his constituents, is elected again to Congress, without opposition, and without his knowledge or consent.

The associates of Gov. Sevier, in the Franklin Government, also received through life similar attestations of public regard and confidence. During the Territorial Government, and that of the State of Tennessee, they filled the highest offices, implying ability, probity, efficiency and zeal in the public service and high personal character. Pioneers of the State of Tennessee in all the varied phases of political organization, through which her people passed, these evidences of trustworthiness, capacity, and patriotism were never withheld from them. They not only held offices of honor and trust, but discharged their duties to the entire satisfaction of the people and of the authorities of government.—Revolters in 1784, they were nevertheless, the purest patriots and the best men of their day. It is singular and well worthy of remark, that not one of the master spirits of Franklin—perhaps not one of its officers, in a long life of usefulness and distinction afterward, ever forfeited the esteem or lost the confidence of his countrymen. A beautiful comment upon the purity of their principles and the loftiness of their love of country—a fit tribute of respect for their public services and their private virtue.

The subject is by no means exhausted. But this is not the place for extended comments; and still the occasion is neither inopportune, nor inappropriate, for a few closing remarks.

The time at which the occurrences, which have been narrated, took place, was emminently auspicious for their pacific termination. The two communities chiefly concerned in the Revolt of 1784, were then in their infancy, as self governing Associations. *The consent of the governed* was then admitted to be the very genius of Republicanism—the essence of free government. As with individuals, so also with political organizations, *youth* is the period of greatest innocence, purity and virtue. Age, in the latter especially, produces rivalries, corruption, venality, selfishness, faction, ambition, discontent and

crime. In those days of primitive simplicity, the great Christian rule of doing to others as we wish others to do to us, formed a prevalent public sentiment, which had all the validity and force of law—affecting alike the rich and the poor, the enlightened and the ignorant. To do justice and right was the law, to violate them was the exception, in the pure days of these infant Republics. Had the rulers of that early period—unlike Martin and Caswell—assumed the language of menace and the tone of authority and dictation, and issued their Pronunciamentos of defiance and revenge against the best men and patriots of any time and place; had they usurped a power unknown to the Constitution and laws of the land; had they fulminated their bitter anathemas—full of reproach and censure, and defamation and falsehood, denouncing them as outlaws and traitors "against the best government the world ever saw;" had they levied troops to enforce obedience at the point of the bayonet; had they marched them to the distant theatre of the Revolt and involved their remote countrymen in all the nameless atrocities of invasion, banishment, confiscation and disfranchisement; had they imposed penalties, forfeitures, and unusual oaths, upon a brave and patriotic people; had the rulers done all this, could the benign work of the Reconstruction of 1788 have been consummated?

Or had a low demagogue, or an upstart politician, from one of the revolted counties, ingloriously deserting his former sentiments, and discarding his faithful constituents, and allying himself with the enemies of his section, denounced in his seat in Fayetteville, the men who had confided to him their interests and had given him his present elevation; had he denounced these as Rebels, and incited against them all the horrors of civil war; had he stood in his place and prated with Sophomoric wisdom and self-complacency, the weak sophistries and puerile truisms and the sublime virtues of the Coërcive policy which he advocated; or had a weak and wicked colleague in the Lower House, joined him in the strange and unnatural opposition to the benignant policy of compromise and negotiation through a Peace Conference and thus urged an incautious and brave constituency into an internecine war—a war of tyranny, spoliation, oppression, subjugation; had all this been done, could the difficulties between North Carolina and Franklin have ever been pacifically settled? Could the old State find a general so lost to all the pleasant charities of life, so unmindful of the high and noble sentiments of the soldier and the gentleman, as to consent to become the instrument of the low revenges of his government against noncombatants, or of outrage and insult to unprotected woman? Such an officer could not have been found in North Carolina—thus to disgrace his epaulets and degrade the honorable profession of arms.—On the contrary, General Rutherford himself introduced in the Legislature of the State he had so efficiently served in war, the first

Act for reconstruction and peace. The entire people of the State heartily sympathized in the same sentiment. The Legislature, when called by the governor to take into consideration the State of public affairs "failed to meet". The statesman-patriot, Governor Caswell, even dissuaded from coërcion and advised to "let things remain as they were."

Such was the course pursued by North Carolina in quieting the rebellion. How was it in the disaffected counties amongst the Revolters themselves? The same moderation and forbearance characterized their conduct. No lawlessness, no radicalism, no disfranchisement, little violence or tumult—no burglary—no incendiarism, no invasion of private rights. The principal rebel, Gov. Sevier, consented to negotiate. Compromise quieted the insurgents, and laid the foundation of a permanent pacification and reconstruction. Both parties were sincere. It was easy to be so. Each was just, and intended to do justice to its rival. The pacification was perfect and complete. No lingering animosities were left to ulcerate the proud spirit of the respective partizans of the Old North State. There were no unmanly triumphs—there were no bitter reproaches. It is still difficult even now to decide which was successful—or which the vanquished party. Each succeeded. North Carolina attained her primary object—the integrity of her government. Franklin was not put down by force, and Sevier himself, at Philadelphia, officially witnessed the cession of the late revolted country, to the Federal Congress—its separation and its subsequent independence of North Carolina. The cradle of the infant Hercules he had watched over and protected. It soon after, under the same gallant chieftain, became the *giant Tennessee*. Each countryman of his, has already erected in his heart, a cenotaph to his memory. It is still a problem, which, most to admire, the magnanimity, forbearance, moderation and wisdom of the parent State, or the manly self-reliance, enlarged patriotism, and filial piety of her daughter in the wilderness. In each of these communities their Solons and Aristides, were their leaders, and their rulers. Their *Work*, is the highest eulogy upon the skill and virtue of the Reconstructionists of 1788.

Happily, as in the material creation, so, also, in political economy, the conservative is stronger than the destructive principle.

In the vegetable kingdom we see a branch of a tree rudely torn from its trunk. The spontaneous action of nature, unaided by man, reproduces the limb. The beauty and gracefulness of the tree is preserved and no mutilation—scarcely a scar is left. A man is wounded, his surgeon pronounces the case incurable unless he amputates or applies the actual cautery. Another surgeon, less incautious, perhaps more timid, dissuades from the more heroic treatment, makes use of cooling and emolient remedies—the wound heals by the first intention—the vis conservative nature has restored the pa-

tient. So in the body politic there are medicable wounds, often rendered incurable and deadly by the charlatanism of political empyrics and noisy demagogues. As in the one case the *nimia diligentia medicorum* destroyed the patient, so the officious zeal of the unfledged politician in the other, often inflicts an immedicable wound upon his country. It prescribes amputation, caustics, irritants, and escharotics. The country is ruined and her liberty destroyed. The refrigerant and soothing policy would have saved both.

On this subject ancient Profane History has taught a lesson which this Christian Republic should study well. "When Latium, a Roman Province, revolted, and the revolt was suppressed, the question arose in the Roman Senate, what shall be done with Latium and the people of Latium? There were some who cried, disfranchise. Then others said, confiscate their property. There were none who said, subject them in vassalage to their slaves. But old Camillus, in that speech which revealed his true greatness, and made his name immortal, said, 'Senators! make them your fellow-citizens, and thus add to the power and glory of Rome.'"

(CONCLUDED.)

THE SOLDIER SON.

BY L. CARY WILDEN.

An old man sat on his door step low,
Watching the shadows come and go,
The shadows that were creeping fast,
Over the roof on the trailing grass;
And his heart grew sad with its own refrain,
When he asked of it with inward pain,
"Will my soldier son come back again?

"He went away in the prime of life,
In the vigor of youth he went to the strife;
Will my child the dreadful missiles spare?
They'll pity sure my silvery hair;—
Will I hear him whistle in the glen?
Will I see him o'er the ripe sheaves bend?
His face behold but once again?"

His good dame sat with her knitting by,
Watching the needles glance and fly;
She tried to talk of happier days,
And thus her husband's hopes to raise;
But anon the tears come in her eyes,
And the restless needles idle lie,
For tho' she asks, there's no reply.

She sees the tasseled ranks of corn,
Without a martial drum or horn;
Before her is the unreaped field,
With its bending wealth of golden yield;
And the meadow, though in verdant dress,
Seems to feel a loneliness,
As if it too bore some distress.

Soon the news comes from afar—
News comes from the dreadful war.
A desperate battle had been fought;
A victory gained—by much blood bought.
One side had failed—the other won;
And the dead, alas! there was many a one,
And 'mongst them was the old man's son.

He hears the tale—but, lo, no tears
Come to those eyes, so dimmed with years.
The neighbors shake their heads and say,
"I thought he'd take it in a different way,"
Then leave him in his grief alone,
And pass out sadly one by one,—
He heedeth not that they are gone.

They come again—still in his chair
The old man sits as unaware;
They take his hand, but drop their hold,
For stiff the fingers are and cold;
His arms hang by his side like lead,
And motionless his snowy head,
With pulseless brow—the old man's dead.

The good dame looks from the window sill,
On the lonely meadow lonelier still,

For unreaped grain still waves in the breeze,
The birds still sing in the apple trees,
But she heaves a sigh of secret pain,
And the tears that she cares not to restrain
Fall down her withered cheeks like rain.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER IX.

THUS passed the summer. The lonely, unloved bride was devoted entirely to his service; to anticipate what I supposed might be his wishes; to consult his former tastes, to minister to his comfort in every way that I could; to win him back to life by all the humble means in my power; was my hourly study. It seemed to produce no effect,—I do not think he even noticed my efforts, for I made them so unobtrusive that he, restless and wretched as he was, could not have known who was instrumental in this, without inquiry. He spent whole days away from home, wandering, I know not whither, and making me doubly anxious about him in the terrible possibilities my uneasiness suggested; that he would be brought home a corpse or perish for want of food, in some unfrequented woods.

He was always restless, his foot seemed never to weary of that constant motion. When at home, I could hear his steady tramp, tramp up and down his room, ceasing for a few moments sometimes when his weary frame would sink upon a chair, to be resumed almost immediately when an agonizing reflection would cause him to start up and continue his restless movements.

When I knew him to be out, I would venture in his room, arrange a thousand little things that needed repairing, restore the ornaments to their pristine glory; wipe the dust from the books and papers, carefully cleanse the statuettes, sometimes timidly open his drawers and search among their contents for rents and missing buttons, very tremblingly, and in mortal dread of his sudden return, to find me among his secret treasures. When I grew bolder, I ventured upon various little improvements;—once a new dressing gown that my own hands had made, and placed it in his room, on his easy chair; then breathless with fright when he returned, lest he should notice it and wonder at the liberty I had taken; keeping out of his way from the dread of meeting his eye

* Continued from page 135.

after my unprecedented boldness and longing, when I saw him coming, for time to rush up and seize it away before he could enter and see it there. I put it there several times before I had the courage to let it stay. I need not have troubled myself as to his discovery of my agency in it, for when I went up in his room afterwards, I found it thrown in a corner with some other things that had stood in his way as he walked to and fro across the floor. I picked it up with a sigh and just fixed it all over again.

Then I embroidered him a new pair of slippers, seeing that his old ones were beginning to wear, and placed them conspicuously where he might see them. They were not even touched, remaining there day after day, unnoticed and unused. Disheartening as this was, I persevered; it was the post I had assumed voluntarily, and as its fulfillment depended upon my own efforts, unaided but by Providence, I bowed beneath the burden and worked again, rejoicing that it was at least my privilege to work for him I loved, woman's highest honor and crowning glory.

But father did not approve of this condition of affairs. He regarded the neglect of his daughter with resentment, and the neglect of his monetary affairs, also, a sort of breach of honor, being incapable,—poor father,—of considering a mental trouble greater than the emptiness of purse.

One evening he came through the fields wandering hither and thither, with an air of dissatisfaction, which was further expressed upon his arrival at the house, where he scarcely returned my warm salutation with more than a frown of displeasure.

"I don't like the way things is conducted, Mary," he said as he came in, "this is not what I intended doing with my money, to throw it away in this style. Why, it'll go to the dogs at this rate.—No improvements; nothing doing but the little you can do 'round the house; all goin' to waste; my money gone, my security given for the rest. It'll ruin me as well as him. I can't stand it no longer. I must speak to him."

Father, don't." I had listened to this resolution in speechless horror.

"Don't?" my father broke forth, "What do you mean, you fool? Do you think that I'm goose enough to be goin to stand this? Never in the world. I can't see my hard earnings, that I got by the sweat of my brow, befoodled off in this style. We shall all go to the dogs together in no time. Where is he? I must and will speak to him about it, or him and me will have to part. Where is he? I'm a goin to him; you need'nt try to bamboozle me any longer. Don't say a word. I stay here till he comes in if he isn't. If he is, I go to him at once and have it out."

"Father!" To my terror I heard Alfred in his room. He turned to me then. I had fallen in a chair and was wringing my hands in an agony of supplication. "Oh! oh! oh! what *shall* I do?"

"What's the matter?" he answered crossly, compelled to pity in spite of himself.

"Just hear me for one moment. You will kill me if you persist in this."

"People are not so easily killed," he muttered.

"But just stop one moment, father. I love Mr. Chauncey,"—the acknowledgement which had never been made aloud before, was wrung from me at last by circumstances—"better than anything in the world."

He eyed me with an expression indicative of so little abatement of his resentment, that I was compelled to throw off my reserve once more.

"If I had not loved him, I should never have married him."

"Queer," he muttered, "to love a chap that takes no more notice of you than an old shoe, better than us who have sheltered and cared for you all your days."

"Dear father, I cannot help it. I love you and mother, but then it's so different. I married Mr. Chauncey for love, nothing else. You know he loved another lady; he can't help that. I want to win him from it, and am trying by all in my power. If you talk to him this way, you'll drive him from me forever, and only seal my misery, indeed you will. Oh! please let him alone now. Let's see together what can be done. Mr. Chauncey says I can do what I please. Then let us, you and I, manage together. You direct me, and I'll show the servants what to do."

"What are you going to do with *him* then," father asked contemptuously, "put him in a 'sylum for mad people, for I think *he's* mad if no one ever was."

"He does not care now, father. Please don't speak of him, or say anything about him. Let's carry out our plans and we'll get along, never fear, dear father, won't you? Your money shan't be thrown away, I promise you."

He eyed me again, then softened the hard lines about his face a little. "Well, well, we'll see about it, but I've no notion, let me tell you, of losing my money."

"We won't lose it, father, can't you cultivate some of the fields with your own?"

"If Chauncey don't object, I'll see ——"

"He will *not* object."

"Then perhaps I can manage it, upon a stress. I have much to do already."

"Indeed you have, dear father."

"And I don't feel as much like work now as in my younger days."

"Yes, but you'll have so many more servants."

"True, though they make the work too. But I'll undertake it for the present. I'll do it for your sake anyhow."

I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him, which unusual demonstration affected him more than he wished me to see, putting me from him with a—

"Well, that'll do, child. I promise to do what I can."

And he did. With our combined management the Grove blossomed soon almost as of yore. I journeyed busily around the farm, renewing the fences, having caps put on the posts where the cattle could remove the rails

and jump in the fields, seeing that breaches in the out-houses were nailed up, while father overlooked the agricultural department and saw that the servants did their work properly. The wheat had not been attended to, so there was little to expect from harvest, but for next fall we discussed our arrangements in a most business like manner. I waged destructive war with the enemies of the poultry yard, when the servants informed me that much of the young brood had disappeared mysteriously, though the elders of the flock paraded about the premises with their wonted dignity. Proper attention paid to the condition of their houses and yard, soon remedied that, and—shall I confess it?—before the summer was over, a trusty messenger seated in a wagon well loaded with baskets of protesting feathered creatures, conveyed them to market, whence he returned with a goodly result, which I received with a pleasure that the lovers of romance and sentiment would have scoffed at. But it was so much towards redeeming my loved one's patrimony, and was carefully laid aside till the addition of similar sums should make it something of importance.

Then there was the dairy—my only source of pleasure. This was not like that at home, being larger and had once been most elegantly arranged; but from careless usage since Mrs. Chauncey's death, was now much out of repair. The well sweep behind it was broken, and the stone trough through which the water had been wont to flow around its semi-circular floor, had been removed for some purpose—I believe to water the horses—while the poultry roosted immediately around it to the destruction of all cleanliness.

In a short time the sweep was mended, the trough replaced by a temporary wooden one, the fowls driven away and new latticework erected by which they were securely kept at a distance, while the richest, most golden of butter was turned out from it in such quantities that the proceeds were soon laid beside that from the poultry yard.

How eagerly I hoped for the time when I could show a sum of such importance that it might go far towards disburdening the estate, and freeing it from the claims of importunate creditors.

Letters came from old Mr. Chauncey to father and myself—I never saw his to Alfred, of course—bidding us let a portion of the land go towards satisfying the claims upon the estate. The farm consisted of twelve hundred acres, one-third of which had been purchased in my name, so that four hundred were in reality all we owned. It grieved me to see any portion of what had belonged to them for generations, the land that their titled ancestors had bought when they first came and settled in this country, go into the hands of strangers; yet I knew that, work as I might, it would take years, a lifetime to reclaim it all, so it had better go. It cannot bring happiness, the possession of all the land on the earth, I sighed; so it

was done as Mr. Chauncey had bidden, Alfred merely saying when he was referred to, "Let it be as my father desires. It is all alike to me." It took a load from my shoulders, for I could more easily manage now that the size of the farm was so much reduced.

Outwardly, affairs looked more prosperous than when I went there; the grounds around the house neat and orderly, the house itself freshened and renewed, no longer with shutters slamming on broken hinges, the wind and rain beating through shivered panes. But though I worked on, my hands were often numbed, a faintness stole over me, while a quick pain shot through my aching heart, as the conviction would flash upon me with sudden force that I was as far as ever from my goal, that these efforts brought me no nearer to him, I was as unloved, as unheeded as ever. Indeed I saw less of him; for the native kindness that had not entirely deserted him upon my first arrival, had led him to attempt the courteousness he would show to a stranger; but after a while I seldom met him even at meal time, inclining his head gravely when we met, but seldom speaking.

Oh! how I longed for a word of some kind from him; even anger would have been preferable to this steady indifference. With it all too he was so exceedingly handsome, even thin and worn as he now was. I toiled for him when absent and trembled nervously when he was present, the poor, shy country girl that he must look upon with scorn, still loving him passionately, yet extremely in awe of him.

Mr. Chauncey wrote to me several times such kind, fatherly letters, full of anxious inquiries about his son, and with delicate hesitancy entreated me to care for him, now that there was no one else.

Useless admonition! I smiled bitterly over the letter, thinking of my work—its forlorn results. He that I was to care for seldom ever looked at me. But—I silenced my heart's pleadings—what could you expect? You have what you humbly prayed for. Be content and forget thy poor self. What is there in you to replace what he has lost? Do thy task patiently still unto the last. He needs thee without knowing it, and some time may thank thee at least.

I had no visitors. Once or twice an old acquaintance ventured to see me, but though I treated them kindly, they did not seem to find the atmosphere of the Grove congenial and did not come again. Of all the Chauncey friends, but one benevolent lady, who lived nine miles from us, called to see me during that first summer. I was glad that even curiosity did not subject me to an intrusion I should have been obliged to sustain alone, our affairs a prey to vulgar remark, his absence noted and inquired into.—My own old acquaintances I had kept at a distance—not from pride, but to save myself so much annoyance from their questions; while the few in the country that the Chaunceys had visited hardly

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regarded it as worth their while to call there, now that such gloom prevailed at the old place, the owner ruined, and his promising heir united to a common country girl. So my days were spent busily and quietly, my evenings in a resort to the extensive library that formed my great recreation when the work of the day was over. There I had my choice of all I desired in literature, and a great intellectual feast it was, enriching my mind at a time when my heart was starving for affection.

So passed the summer; the autumn came on, when one day it happened—oh! I shall never forget the bitter humiliation of that day!—that a party of fox-hunting gentlemen, who had been in the habit of dining at the Grove once a year, to be joined afterwards by the proprietor and his guests, came down from a neighboring county, and, as usual, directed their course to their old hospitable place of entertainment.

I heard the shrill whistle of the bugle, the trampling of the many horses' feet, and looking from an upper window, near which I stood at the time, saw a company of twenty gentlemen with dogs herding around them, advancing up the avenue.

I called Melissa to know whence they came. She told me that it was an established habit of her old master's friends.

"They is perfect gentlemen," she said, "and mistress always entertained 'em herself."

I wondered in my heart what Alfred, who fled the face of man, would do at this juncture. He was in his room, had returned pale and exhausted the evening before, and I had seen him but for a moment.

"Will he meet them, do you think?" I asked of the old woman.

"I dunno how he can get out of it, madam, they're here, and see him too, ketched him down there arter all."

They had made much noise before the door, as no sign of a master appeared about the premises. They asked the servant, who went to the door, if the gentlemen were at home. He answered that his old master was away, and that his young master—here he muttered something confusedly.

"Stand aside, Tom," called out an authoritative voice, and as the startled servant turned around, Alfred stood there to welcome, with his cold, calm dignity, his father's friends.

The clanging of the horses' feet ceased, and the trampling of the dogs, as their bark echoed from the distant stable yard, indicated that they were disposed of as usual.

There were many voices below stairs, and mindful of my duties, I descended by a private stairway to the kitchen to make preparation for a suitable entertainment, determining to be equal in this respect at least to their former hostess.

"Mars Alfred says, madam, would you like to come in the parlor?" asked Tom, appearing at the door of the pantry when I was surrounded with various dishes, the contents of which I was arranging for the cook. Appear before those strangers in my nom-

inal character of the young wife and mistress? How could I? and yet how could I do otherwise than appear? how account to them for my absence? Then Alfred had not forgotten me. I understood his message to mean, the lady of the house should appear before the guests that his mother had been wont to entertain so elegantly.

"But she had ladies with her," I said, doubtfully.

"No, madam, not always," replied Melissa, who was helping me. "Since they were first rate gentlemen, she did not care for that, and always sat at the head of the table."

How bitterly I felt my anomalous position, which I feared would be only too obvious to them, that the eyes of strangers could not fail to notice the difference between me and a loved and honored wife. To my shame it would be plain to perceive, that neither of us was happy, that there was no affection for me upon his side, and, without any previous knowledge of the circumstances, would draw their own inferences very derogatory to one or both of us. I wondered at his message, situated as we were, with respect to one another, that he would think of my appearance, neglected as I had been, before strangers. But he did not know, he meant it differently, his feeling was not like mine, and most probably he intended to show me that—that he was but treating me as he would any other lady. He so little regarded me as connected with him in any way, that he failed to perceive others would not think thus; then he did not know me, having the poorest opinion of me, I knew, for accepting such an offer as was made when I permitted myself to be led to the altar.

I had to go over a retrospect of the past to nerve me up to the effort, before I could venture upon exposure by going down, feeling it as keenly as I did.

When the dinner bell sounded, I timidly took my post and stood at the head of the table, awaiting their entrance. It sounded like a vast throng as they came in, Alfred preceding them to perform the necessary introduction.

"Mrs. Chauncey," he said briefly and coolly, while I was too much embarrassed to be startled at his first recognition of my right to that appellation; bowing my drooping head, as Melissa told me one of the gentlemen said, like a lily on a stalk, and blushing as I felt I did, to welcome my—my husband's friends. They bowed in return, and I had to run the gauntlet of many pairs of eyes as they took their places. Several of the older gentlemen came up and courteously took my hand.

"Most fortunate has the son of my old friend been," said one, an elderly gentleman of the "old school." "Alfred, I congratulate you."

"And I, and I also," exclaimed two or three others.

The blood that stained my face now was painful in its heat. I glanced at Alfred. To their congratulations he uttered not one word; he could not dissemble, nor would he stoop to such hypocrisy, and with an air of un-

easiness he attempted to draw their thoughts in another channel. Persistently they rallied, as they thought, the bashful young husband, and were unmerciful in their jesting. My head sank lower and lower, till I wished that the floor would open and swallow me.

"Why, would you believe it, madam," exclaimed a young man with a bold, rakish looking countenance, "that this Alfred has actually become so domesticated, so wedded to his home, we cannot draw him away from it? He never leaves it for his old friends, and has become the most sedate married man I know. Not even will he come to visit me, who used to get him out of all sorts of college scrapes. Ungrateful, is he not?"

"More probably he got *you* out," returned one of the gentlemen, laughing, "you were bad enough to get yourself into trouble as well as your friends."

"That's the way with these married men," replied the first, with a shrug of his shoulders, "get very virtuous, put on a long face, and eschew their early companions. Alf, I thought, would have better taste. Mrs. Chauncey, I am sure, would not wish to exert an influence so deleterious to his old chums and associates."

Glancing at Alfred, I perceived that he could scarcely control himself. An angry red spot burned on his forehead, and his compressed lips might have shown them, that they were treading upon dangerous ground. With kindly meant badinage a facetious old gentleman continued it, without noticing the effect of his words. But I discerned, or felt rather than saw, that several of the guests were watching us with curious eyes, and looking from Alfred to myself with amazement; then interchanging meaning glances.

My position was becoming unbearable; it was as if I were seated on red hot coals, and I thought that the dinner never would be over.

After a while, to the intense relief of both, the jesting ceased; it had become evident to every one that it was painful, to their host particularly, and embarrassing to me. The gentlemen seated near addressed to me several remarks, and as the one on my right was quite pleasant and intelligent, I became interested in his conversation, at times almost forgetting my painful position while listening to his amusing anecdotes; like lulls in a violent attack of pain, that steep suffering for a moment in forgetfulness—alas! only to be reawakened afterwards by the shock and thrill of its return.

Seeing me disposed to conversation, the wild young man I have spoken of, who was seated at my left hand, attempted to make himself agreeable, or rather tried how disagreeable he could be to me.

Eyeing Alfred curiously and keenly, he appeared satisfied with the inference he drew from his survey, and turned to me with more familiarity than he would have done to an *accepted* Mrs. Chauncey. Putting his impertinent face nearer mine, he said significantly:

"You must find it quite lonesome here for so young a lady."

I murmured some reply, I scarce know what, about having always lived in the country and being used to it.

"Chauncey has no business to bury you here in this way. I shall remonstrate with him."

"No—oh! no!" I exclaimed in my simplicity, believing his threat to be a real one, instead of a device to draw me out.

"Why not?" he asked, fixing his bold eyes on my face.

"Because I love this place and desire no other, nor want to go anywhere else."

"Yes, but that delight of traveling together to two young married people, as I imagine—unfortunately I am a bachelor myself, though the sight of my friend's happiness makes me quite envious and disposed to follow his example. Happiness," he repeated, bending nearer, "in securing you."

My eyes drooped beneath his, and a burning indignation fired my heart at the liberty he was taking; a liberty he presumed to take with one whom he plainly saw was unprotected; while I felt all the more severely that I had no husband, as they believed Alfred to be, to resent his impertinence.

"He guards you too exclusively," pursued my tormentor, relentlessly. "He ought to permit his friends to have the pleasure of your society also. I, at least, shall claim the privilege. When I heard of his marriage, I had no idea of the sweet, delicate lily he was hiding from us in his lonesome country place."

What could I do or say to rid myself of his impudent familiarity? But when he said,

"You will permit *me* to come, regardless of the jealous Chauncey," drawing still closer and whispering in a tone that was unmistakably improper, indicating plainly that his design was to see how far he could go, I raised my eyes with a look that sent his head back farther than it had been before, and kept himself at a distance that he fully understood I wished him to remain.

"What's the matter, Thomas?" asked a gentleman who had observed the whole, as I could perceive by the expression of his eye. "You look crestfallen."

"I was merely reflecting, sir," replied Thomas, curling his lip, "upon the ways of the world generally, and the affairs of my friends in particular."

"A most exemplary state of mind," remarked the gentleman, sarcastically, "I hope it produces suitable amendment should you cast your eyes within."

"It teaches me, sir," retorted Thomas, with flashing eyes, "to profit in many things by example."

"Yet more exemplary. A fine result of self-culture, is he not, Mrs. Chauncey?"

"However that may be, I think we stand upon equal ground, which I will soon take occasion to show you," exclaimed Thomas, compressing his lips with restrained passion, while his eyes looked venom at his cool tormentor.

Here the old gentleman I have spoken of thought it time to interpose.

"Come, Thomas, come Griffeths," he said softly, "remember where you are," and he looked at me.

They both glanced towards me, then as the teasing gentleman ceased his unpleasant style of conversation, out of consideration—I suppose—for me, peace was restored, apparently, and the general conversation was resumed.

All this had been unperceived by Alfred, who was engaged with those immediately around him, and was too distant to hear what had been spoken in a low tone on both sides, so he knew nothing of this little incident.

I left them after dinner, and went about my household duties, as usual, trying to lull in constant activity that gnawing pain at my heart.

Late in the afternoon, I was told that the gentlemen wished to bid me adieu, as they were about to depart. I went in the drawing-room where but two or three remained, the rest having gone to the porch or dispersed about the lawn.

"Good bye, dear madam," said the gentleman of the old *regime*, taking my hand and pressing it to his lips, "may your life be a long and happy one."

Something choked my throat, but with a strong effort I forced back the tears that were rushing to my eyes. I was afraid that he perceived my emotion, for he turned away as if from motives of delicacy, while another approached to bid his adieu.

Others came in for the same purpose. Alfred was out there with them and did not approach the parlor while I was in it. I did not see young Thomas again, but as he left I heard him say to Alfred,

"Good bye, Chauncey; you need'nt be so devoted to your wife that you can't come and see a fellow. There's time enough yet for the honeymoon to wear off.

Alfred gave a fierce stamp of his foot. "No more of this," he said passionately, "I cannot stand it."

All else was drowned in the noise they made as they rode off with their dogs and horses, leaving but the echo of their presence as their horns mellowed in the distance. Alfred immediately disappeared, having positively declined their urgent invitation to join the party, as had been his wont in time gone by.

I felt more desolate than ever, and my lonely, neglected state became vivid as it had never been before. Hitherto my love for him had fed my heart with living fire, and the pleasure of being near him, of having the opportunity, if not the power, to soothe him in trouble, had sustained me. Now there was a reäction. I had miscalculated my strength, and began to need love in return. Must I go on thus,—I asked despairingly,—working for him, day after day, and yet to have nothing but polished coldness in return?

I saw but little of home. My mother was absorbed in my old duties as well as her own. Though

she kept a seamstress now to help her, yet "it is not like you, Mary, for all your poetry and sentiment," she said affectionately to me.

And I—oh! I could not bear to leave him when he was at home, and when absent, my wearying anxiety for him must be borne alone.

I could not visit my home in the state of mind I then was.—Mother questioned me about this—her parental interest at times overcoming the reserve I had endeavored to establish between us on the subject—and tried to learn from me the state of affairs between my nominal husband and myself. I could tell her nothing, and quickly showed her with all the respect due to my mother, that about him my reticence must remain unbroken.

So passed the days as I lived my lonely life there in busy cares for him, a book my sole recreation when there was nothing more I could do and my self-appointed tasks were completed. My forte, however, was in working, not reading. With that restless misery gnawing at the heart, I could fix my mind upon mental enjoyment but rarely. Apparently so near, we were separated in reality by thousands of miles, for I grew no nearer to him. So wrapt was he in his own gloomy thoughts when in my presence, or merely polite with a coldly finished polish, that I could not thaw that icy surface; the same awe yet sealed my lips and made me appear so ignorant and awkward when he was by. How long? how long? I sighed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CICERO'S ORATION FOR MARCELLUS.

ONE may be excused for turning to Ancient Literature. It is allowable to be lotus-eaters when we can neither bear, nor amend the present.

This oration has, by some admirers of Cicero, been, as we think, over-praised, while by others it has been set down as spurious. We may consider the question of its genuineness settled by the weight of critical authority. The internal evidence might, of itself, satisfy us. The art, the elegance, the dexterity, the copiousness, the swell, the ornament, the egotism of the great Arpinian are all here; nor are there wanting some of the loftier notes of patriotism and high philosophy that sound so grand in the Philippics, or so elevate us as we listen to the defence of Archias. On the other hand, it cannot be classed with the best of his speeches. It was in fact an impromptu performance, though he afterwards wrote it out carefully. The fatal defect in it is the narrowness of the subject. It is a panegyric, and to praise a fellow-man can never give suffi-

cient scope to genius. A very great man, however, was he who was the subject of this praise. Cæsar had a great brain, a great heart, and very wide views—great faults too, unquestionably, the greatest being ambition. Cicero says in his oration, that the act for which he was there lauding him, was the greatest of his life, and gives several fantastic reasons to prove it. This was not true. Cæsar did not think so, nor did Cicero, nor does anybody else. His act was magnanimous, but not so magnanimous as the conquest of Gaul, or the battle of Pharsalia.

Marcellus, as consul, had been from the first a violent partisan of Pompey, and was in arms against Cæsar, at Pharsalia. Justly supposing that his conduct had compromised him too deeply to allow any expectation of reconciliation, he had retired into voluntary exile at Mytelene. Cæsar allowed him to remain unmolested in his chosen retreat. After some time his friends, at Rome, exerted themselves to procure his return, and in a full assembly of the Senate, a near kinsman of his, supported by all the Senators, implored Cæsar to recall him. Cæsar at first assumed severity, and complained of the resentment that Marcellus had ever manifested towards him, but concluded by saying that he would not oppose the desire of the Senate, and declared Marcellus to be forgiven and restored to all his honors. This was a very handsome act on the part of an old heathen, with wolf blood in him, living in Rome fifty years, and more, before Christ.

Hardly in Washington, in the middle of the 19th century, do we find, after the close of a revolution, a more christian spirit animating the bosom of our own statesmen. Cæsar had not read the text, "I say unto you, love your enemies," nor the commentary on it, "if thy brother offend against thee seventy times seven, thou shalt forgive him," nor had he learned at his mother's knee, nor had he repeated many a time in church the petition of the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." Nor had his ancestors come over in the Mayflower, nor landed at Plymouth, nor burned witches, nor enjoyed the benefits of the Common School System, nor belonged to Temperance and Abolition Societies, nor caught the spirit of Progress, nor learned the philosophy of Humanitarianism. Indeed he had not enjoyed any such special religious advantage as would justify him in saying, "Stand by thyself, I am holier than thou." It would be hasty to infer any thing about the christian character of Cæsar, because he manifested a spirit which, as is well known, is a characteristic of Christians in modern days. His magnanimity was due, I am inclined to believe, not to the fact that he was a great ante-dated Christian, but because he was a great man. Great brains and great souls were capable of acts of magnanimity, even as far back as 2000 years ago. Little minded men may be Senators and other functionaries, but magnanimous they cannot be—to offer no other

reason—there is a philosophical impossibility in the way.

Another faculty for magnanimity possessed by Cæsar, was bravery. "Brave as Julius Cæsar" has long been a comparison used by people of dull imagination, just as "tricky as Grant" will hereafter serve the same class of speakers and writers. Men who are not brave, cannot be magnanimous; in fact they are styled pusillanimous. Nor can men behave by force of will. It is recorded in history that there was once a man that could not help being afraid of buck shot, and of another, who upon a certain occasion exhibited as much terror at the sight of a cane, as if he had been an immediate descendant of the martyred Abel.

Cæsar, however, was brave, and so when the idea was suggested that he might be in danger from these former enemies whom he was so freely pardoning, he put it down by saying, "*Satis diu vel naturæ vixi vel gloriæ.*" This, though Cicero does style it *præclarissimam et sapientissimam vocem*—sounds a little boastful, but Cæsar was accustomed to let off from time to time these Brobdignag epigrams, some of them have imposed themselves as sublime upon astonished critics—witness the famous *veni vidi vici*, and "*Quid times? Cæsarem vehis.*" Other great Captains have had the same tendency—Alexander, Bonaparte, &c.—A. B. C. I have no doubt that, with a little thought, I could, if I had time, illustrate the whole alphabet in this way. The letter P illustrates itself without a thought. Pope—not the Holy Father, nor the Poet of Twickenham, but the hero who kept his quarters (he modestly called them *head* quarters) in the saddle, and wrote his dispatches, some of the later ones at least, *currente calamo*—with a running pen.

It would not do to require that all men should come up to the imperial standard. If every man is to be persecuted till his persecutor can truly say—"*Satis diu vel naturæ vixi vel gloriæ,*" we fear cruelty would not soon come to an end. What American statesman, for example, (we regret that our limited knowledge of history so restricts our illustrations) would be inclined to say "I have lived long enough for myself," (so Cicero interprets the word *naturæ.*) It is the general opinion that many of them have lived quite too long for other people, but for themselves they would hold on to life, as a distinguished Secretary does to his office, *per fas aut nefas.* And as to having lived long enough for glory! If life is to be prolonged for them to this period, the final cataclysm will come upon them, still living, and still filled with bitterness.

That we may not give undue praise to Cæsar, it must be remembered that he was well established in power. Pompey was dead and buried, except his head, which had been cut off and burned, and the after campaign in Africa had settled the expiring struggles of the party under Cato and the other leaders. Had it been otherwise—had he known that in a few months, say the November following, the battle of Pharsalia was to be fought, the

condition of it being to him, as Cicero says in his oration for Ligarius, victory or ruin—and had the result of the African affair been still doubtful, Cæsar's example and Cicero's eloquence might have been lost to the world. It is quite fine to observe how skillfully Cicero appeals at once to Cæsar's sense of duty and his love of praise. Towards the conclusion of the oration he says: "Upon you alone, Cæsar, depends the restoration of all things which you see in ruins around you, wrecked by the storm of war. Law must be set up again, public faith restored, licentiousness restrained, industry encouraged, and the wild recklessness of the times checked by wholesome laws. In a civil war so great, in the fury of feeling and the clash of arms, the loss by the Republic, whatever might be the issue of the contest, of many things which contributed to its glory and its stability, was unavoidable, and each side did in the heat of the conflict, what in peace it would have been the first to condemn. Now all these deep wounds are to be healed, and you only have the power to do it."—When we read this passage, how thankful should we be that, after a struggle not dissimilar, our condition is so different from that depicted by the orator who was at the same time a profound statesman, and accurately acquainted with the condition of the Republic. That the prosperity of our land has nowhere been affected, that law reigns supreme—and that its tribunals, from the *Piepoudre* courts to the Supreme Court of the United States have never been assailed by a triumphant faction—that public faith is not suspected, and that public and private morals are pure beyond any period of the world's history, while the humanizing influence of Christianity sways in all places, from the smallest hamlet to the Capital of the nation—that the Constitution of the United States was so strong that it resisted every shock of arms—and that the Republican form of Government in America has been found to be so perfect a machine that the management of it can, with the utmost safety, be entrusted to emancipated blacks. And further, that the Supreme Legislature of the land has no need of a hint from a Cicero, living or dead, as to its duty, seeing that its whole energies are devoted to the grateful task of causing all traces of exasperated feeling to disappear. "*O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint.*"

Cæsar was willing, doubtless, to do his duty *cæteris paribus*, but as the sound of the trumpet to the war-horse, was the word glory to his ear. Cicero knew this well, and was not likely to forget it, having, in fact, himself, a similar affection of the auditory nerve. So he discourses to him after the following fashion:

"If the result, O Cæsar, of your immortal works shall be, that having overcome all your adversaries, you leave the Republic in its present condition, where will be your glory—that glory which is the illustrious and widespread remembrance of great men, who have deserved well of

their fellow-citizens, their native land, and of all mankind? Your soul, never content within the narrow limits of this mortal life, has ever burned with a desire for immortality. This fleeting breath is not what we call life. That is life—real life—which the memory of all ages will keep green, which posterity will cherish, and of which eternity itself will be the guardian. Have a care of this. Posterity will never forget the Rhine, the Nile, the ocean, the empires you have gained, your innumerable battles, and incredible victories. But if the State is not rehabilitated by your wisdom and your arts, your fame may be wide-spread, but solid, it never can be. Have regard then, to the sentence of those who, in years to come, will pass judgment upon your deeds—a judgment, perhaps, more impartial than ours, since it will be without prejudice. And even, if, as some unworthily suppose, it will matter little to you then, what men think of you, at least it behooves you so to act now that oblivion may never tarnish your praise."

Skillful orator, and noble man, moreover. For in his own bosom glowed the aspiration for immortality which he sought to arouse in the heart of his imperial auditor.

Well, Cæsar and Cicero have long had better opportunities than we, or Shakspeare, or Gray, of knowing what is posthumous honor, and whether "flattery can soothe the dull, cold ear of death;" but whether he can hear it or not, many ages have said, and many ages yet to come will repeat the saying, that it was a noble act, and well-done of Cæsar to lay aside his personal animosities and throw by-gones into the rubbish of the past, that he might magnanimously restore Marcellus, unconditionally, to his place, and to all his honors in the Senate. He did not even require an oath. Ironclads, whether in war or in peace, are an invention of modern genius, and christian morality.

And what obloquy would be justly awarded to the transaction, had personal animosity or unworthy fear checked the impulse of magnanimity!

No very great issues were at stake, nor any wide-spread consequences likely to ensue from the decision either way. No State was to be overthrown, had malevolence ruled his bosom. No institutions would be destroyed. No Roman community would be surrendered to Gauls, or Carthagenians. No crime against nature would have been committed by interfering with the relations established by the Creator, between different races of men. Cæsar had too much sense, not to say conscience, to do anything like this. Had he repulsed Marcellus it could hardly have been called a crime so much as a meanness that would sensibly have lessened the distance between him and the men who have been found in all periods, except our own, who were infinitely little in everything but a temporary power to do injury, and the boundless malevolence with which they exercised that power.

It is sad to remember that

Cæsar's pardon was unavailing to Marcellus. He set out on his return, but before he reached Rome, he was assassinated by one of his own attendants. The miserable resentment of a hireling frustrated the magnanimity of an Emperor. Still, the glory of the act will ever belong to Cæsar's name, and the moral of it will remain, if ever there should be found persons in power to whom it will apply. S. L. C.

ON THE HEIGHTS.*

We have here a book of note, if we are to judge of its merits from the manner of its reception by the reading world of Europe, into many of whose languages we understand it has already been translated. It is presented to American readers in the usual handsome style of the publishers, whose *imprimatur* it bears, and its graceful appearance is quite beyond that generally awarded to works whose very external dress is apt to suggest a hint of an anticipated ephemeral existence.—This book, on the other hand, has a substantial look, as if it was a foregone conclusion, that it is destined to long life in company with the unquestioned occupants of the carefully-selected library,—not to be thrown aside, after a single reading, with other literary lumber, as 'only a novel.'

Before we say anything of the merits of the work itself, we must be allowed a few strictures, as to the translation. It has the air of having been made by one to whom English is a foreign tongue: we cannot otherwise, account for the singular grammatical errors, the unidiomatic expressions and the unaccustomed constructions. "Fanny Elisabeth Bunnétt" is a name we see frequently associated with translations, and we have been disposed to think that she is a German or French lady, employed by the Leipsic publishing house (Baron Tauchnitz's). However this may be, she does not give us pure, unadulterated English; and we constantly feel the trammeling influence of the stiff rendering as a barrier to our fuller enjoyment of our author.

Auerbach is not familiarly known this side of the water. Indeed we are not sure that any of his works have been heretofore given to the American reading public, though he is quite a voluminous and popular writer. Of his many books, "The Black-Forest Tales" are the most widely known, perhaps, and the most appreciated by his countrymen.

"On The Heights" is a book *sui generis*;—unique even among German novels. While all through its pages, the author holds persistently to his ulterior purpose of

* "On The Heights"—a Novel, by Berthold Auerbach. Roberts Brothers. Boston.

making of his story, a web into which he may work his speculations in regard to human life and human destiny—much in the same way that Lessing uses his "Nathan The Wise"—he nevertheless embroiders thereon, character and scene and incident—German legends, quaint traditions, domestic peculiarities and the thousand beautiful and wondrous phases of Alpine life, with as careful a fidelity to nature as even old Denner practiced. This is one of the greatest charms of the book.

A regular, professed novel-reader, who devours stories simply for the story, "as men smoke cigars" —might pronounce the action too slow: and perhaps there would be some truth in the objection, especially in reference to the earlier portion of the book, but there are not many pages that do not show a richness in minute philosophies, that would make any thoughtful reader unwilling to practice much elision.

The experience of the fresh, simple, unworldly-wise, yet clear-visioned peasant woman, Walpurga, when suddenly summoned from her mountain home to the royal palace, as wet-nurse to the crown-prince, is most tenderly and skillfully narrated. The struggle between the two opposing systems of life—nature's *naive* simplicity and art's unreal blandishments—is most truthfully wrought out: and the manner in which the pure and sturdy Alpine flower managed to exist, unspoiled and unwithered, amid the choking heats of the royal conservatory, is, in itself, an artistic study.—The peasant-wife's caressing pity for "the poor Queen who knew so little of the world out yonder" —according to *her* ideas, is, at times, very amusing. The chattering of the foster-mother with the baby-prince is as sweet as the chirping of birds. One would think that only a woman's intuitions could have suggested them.

The heroine of the book is the "Countess Irma," upon whose history and fate the interest of the story hinges. The interweaving of these two most skillfully contrasted lives—Walpurga's and the Countess'—the reflex influence of each on the other, and the moral lesson forced on the reader's attention, (all the more effective, in that the author seems unconscious of attempting to convey any such lesson) are all very admirably done.

"Irma's Journal" (Book Seventh) is the kernel, the heart's core, of the work, however. It might be called a series of prose sonnets,—so compact and terse and finished are the disconnected sentences—full of lofty thought, abstruse speculation, rich, suggestive fancy, and fine poetic imagery. The whole gist of "On The Heights" is wrapped up in this Seventh Book; and it contains more vigorous, incisive thinking, set forth too in poetical diction, than many a modern volume of poems can boast. Take a few passages selected at random.

—"That Redeemer is yet to come, who will consecrate labor and the working-day."

—"Liberty and work—these are the noblest prerogatives of man."

—"The Arabians wash their hands before prayer: but in the desert where there is no water, they wash their hands in sand and dust. So it is:—the dust of work purifies."

—"It is not joy, nor repose, which is the aim of life. It is work, or there is no aim at all."

—"What will the world say?"—they ask in the palace: "What do people think?"—the peasant asks in his solitude.—"There lies our whole chain of slavery."

—"Man alone lives far into the night: *how* far is the measure of our degree of civilization."

—"To have once been on the extreme brink of death, only one step more, and a leap—this makes life easier: no unhappiness can now befall me."

—"We hear the rain fall, but not the snow: Bitter grief is loud—calm grief is silent."

—"He who hasn't been away, doesn't come home."

—"So long as one can say, "Father" and "Mother," there is a love on the earth which bears one in its arms: it is only when the parents are gone, that one is set down on the hard ground!"

—"To a father, when his child dies—the future dies: to a child, when his parents die, the past dies."

—"The most mysterious thoughts are like a bird on a twig: he sings; but if he sees an eye watching him, he flies away."

We might multiply excerpts indefinitely, but sufficient have been given, by which to judge of the flavor of the whole.

We lay down "On The Heights" with an utter demur against many of the philosophic and religious opinions of the author. He says beautiful and true things about art: but he would make art fill, in the cultured mind, the place that religion does in the minds of the mass. The people, he complains, "live entirely without art—they have nothing to bring the other life before them, but the Church." So, in the absence of the former, he is content to accept the latter for them. He owns that our modern culture cannot take the place of religion, because "religion makes all men equal,—culture, unequal:" But he believes there will, some day, be a right and true culture that will equalize all men.

In these views, lies a deep-seated error, to which it is well to have our eyes open,—an error to which a literary class of our immediate day is committing itself to a dangerous degree. We Southern people, it is true, have not much temptation, at the present juncture of affairs, to sin in this particular direction, inasmuch as the struggle for simple existence is likely to be stern enough to blot from our minds, all remembrance of the refined leisure which this finished culture imperatively demands: *we* are surely being "purified by the dust of labor!"

Another fault we have to find with the teachings of our author, is his thorough pantheism: and were it not that it is set forth in rather too vague and transcendental a form to work a very decided impression upon mere ordinary readers, we should la-

ment the popularity of the work.

And there is a yet graver error to be pointed out and rejected, as aimed at the very corner-stone of our holy Christian religion, namely: The possibility of the sinful, unaided soul, by the omnipotence of its own supreme will, *to expiate the past*, and to work itself, through its innate power, into a condition of *absolute freedom and purity*—so that the wine of life shall run crystal-clear, utterly and forever separated from the lees of human weakness and wrong doings;—the old philosophy of Paganism reproduced again, in one of its thousand Protean forms.

Yet we have in the *Grandmother*, a picture of simple, unquestioning peasant-faith, which it is refreshing to look upon, which, however, is quite consistent with the author's theory of 'a religion for the people.' There is not a sweeter character in the volume—so German—so strong—so full of a rich, rude poetry—so wholly natural—so wise in the deepest life-experiences!

We feel that we have very inadequately characterized this remarkable book; and that our examination of it has been much too cursory; and we reluctantly dismiss it, realizing it to be one of the most deep-thoughted and suggestive books (with all its speculative and theological errors) that has, for a long time, fallen into our hands.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

JOHN SMITH, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

ELLEN CLARDY swung herself to and fro on the gate, keeping time to a merry tune with the easy grace of childhood, but her violet eyes were fixed toward the sunset with the earnest look of a woman. A youth of frank, healthful appearance came up through the garden and paused to watch her, smiling as he watched. His name was John Smith. There was a pretty picture before him against the brilliant western sky, which threw yellow shafts of light through her brown hair, and touched each feature with a mellow tint of rose and gold. Ellen was pretty and sweet; pretty like a spray of white ash that grows slender and fine, sweet as a brier rose on a dewy morning, and her voice had the freshness of a glad valley stream. Brightness, daintiness and grace marked her attire, from the peasant waist, with scarlet lacings, to the fluted lace at her throat and hands; from the top of her head, with its knot of bright ribbon, to the sole of her foot that hung from the gate, touching the ground as she moved to and fro, with the toe of a

silver buckled little slipper. To an artist it was a study—to a lover, a shrine!

When the song ceased; John called her name, startling her into a cry of surprise, as he twisted a long jasmine vine round and round her neck, head, waist and arms, stirring and bruising its yellow bells. Then he stood admiring her graceful efforts to disentangle herself, hearing her laugh and scold, seeing her aglow with pleasure, until he wished they might stand forever thus, with no sound save her voice and the subdued lullaby of nature, as she hushed the day to sleep.

A slender, heavy-bearded young man, gotten up in the most exquisite style of cheap romances, broke the stillness by riding past in a quick canter. It was Hugh St. Clair, who gave an expressive glance, a smile, and an elegant salutation, as he reined in his horse to a gait better adapted to display the figure of the rider, and disappeared, leaving a good impression. Ellen's face was red, but John's grew white, for the sky had grown grey and he knew the reflection went up from her heart.

"John," said she abruptly, "why cannot you and Mr. St. Clair like each other?"

"Because both of us like you too well, I suppose," replied John recovering his color. "Which do you like best, Nell?"

"Which?" echoed she, "why both, of course!"

"You absurd child! Which could you spare most easily?"

"Neither."

"Pshaw! If one or the other had to die, and you had the word to give, which name would you call," asked he excitedly, "his or mine?"

She looked troubled and tearful.

"Never mind, Nelly, dear, you are almost weeping, it was such a foolish question."

He spoke tenderly as he took her hand, believing she loved him. She felt it in his touch, manner and tone, and spoke resolutely.

"But I will mind, John, I must tell the truth."

He carried her hand to his lips and bit the tips of her fingers one by one—an odd caress of his she had known for years. He began it when she first sat alone, and her hand was about the size of a great-coat button. She was wont to receive it playfully, but now it was withdrawn as she continued, "We have known each other so long, John—"

"Ever since we were little children," added he.

"Yes, we are like brother and sister"—he shook his head as she went on—"and it would almost break my heart to part with you, it would be so hard, so hard, John!" He took the other hand and held both close to his breast. "But—I would have to call your name!"

"To live?"

"Oh John, dear John!" she sobbed out, "I could not bear to call his name, for him to die!"

"You mean, you mean," said he hoarsely, "oh tell me what you mean!"

"That I love Hugh St. Clair."

He dropped her hands as if they were heavy weights, stepped away

quickly and leaned against the gate with folded arms.

She spoke again, but he heard nothing save those words; they had deadened every other sound and darkened the world to him.

At sixteen Ellen floated in an atmosphere of dreams, where she was the heroine and Hugh St. Clair the hero of all the trashy novels she had devoured—that sensational style of fiery delineations of inconceivable passions of love, jealousy and despair, which in spite of a wise system of State taxation, are still hurled among us. Many a night she fancied herself in the attitude of the thinly clad young ladies on the title page of "Frank Leslie's Illustrated," borne through a terrible tempest by an infuriated lover, dishevelled tresses streaming upon the wind, with her hands crossed in meek submission to the decrees of Fate, above the wild heart which demands immediate elopement with a scoundrel, lest it break!

To marry a man like plain cousin John—true, he was not her cousin, but they had been reared together and learned to love each other as if they had been cousins—it would never do in the world! Why they had eaten hominy out of the same oven and with the same spoon in Black Mammy's house many a time; she remembered distinctly when he quit wearing ruffles and took to collars, and when uncle switched him for going in swimming on Sunday. As for his memory, doubtless it was better, he could tell her how she looked when she was shedding teeth, in fact he had been her first dentist himself.—She loved to laugh over those old times; she loved him dearly but could not marry him—it was so unromantic. John was so prosaic, there was nothing dashy about him—he never created a sensation—never drank or swore. He smoked a little, and read more than heroes generally, but his hair was light and short. As for his moustache, it was as yet by no means conspicuous, and bid fair to be yellow—decidedly yellow; while Mr. St. Clair's was raven black. Poor John could only whistle, and Mr. St. Clair sang divinely! Last but not least was a fact for which he might be pitied, but certainly not blamed; as he had no voice in the matter of his christening, they called him John Smith!

She pronounced the name, "John Smith," and put her hands to her ears—but "Mrs. St. Clair!" Ah, that was so '*distingué*'—she accepted him.

CHAPTER II.

Two hours after her interview with John at the gate, her affianced was demanding an account of the conversation. He made some fierce threats, in a heroic style, and she, after the manner of the heroine in the last sweet story in "Godey's Lady's Book," retorted in indignant innocence. They quarreled until he relapsed into stern silence, and she into proud regret. Sarcasm and reproaches

alternated until her penitent head sank on his shoulder and two small tears saturated her handkerchief. When it was all over, and the reconciliation had followed with its usual amount of tender blandishments, he asked who gave her the flowers she wore in her hair.

"John," answered she timidly.

"Who gave you those in your bodice?"

"You did."

"You are a coquette!" exclaimed he angrily, placing his hands on her shoulders, and pressing them against the lattice until a sharp nail pierced her flesh and spotted the muslin sleeve with blood.

"Answer me, do you love me?"

"I do."

"Then give him up."

"I have done so."

"You shall cease speaking to him. I command you to do so."

She was afraid of him, and bit her lips silently.

"Do you hear me, Ellen?" continued he, "If you ever speak to him again, we part. Promise!"

She hesitated a moment, saw the light from the parlor window shine on his malignant face, considered it the sublime frenzy of the grand passion, and promised to pass cousin John as a stranger. Hugh was then all she could wish. They returned to the parlor where he kissed the wounded shoulder, wiped away her tears, and sang,

"Thou hast wounded the spirit that loved thee,"

to her heart's content.

That night she leaned out of her window to gaze, in rapture, at the moon, and abandon herself to her happiness. The realization of her ideal of a dark browed lover with the tenderness of a Romeo, and jealousy of an Othello, had come, and she would have been very happy, if she had not heard a step on the stair-case which reminded her of her promise. Poor cousin John! She wondered if he would say good-night as he passed her door, and go whistling to his room. He passed firmly by without pausing.

"It is well," thought she, "my promise would have been broken had he said good-night."

In the morning she was schooled to meet him without a word whom she had met nearly every morning of her life.

"Good morning, Nelly!" said John cheerfully.

She looked toward him, paused and turned away.

"Perhaps," thought he, "she did not hear me, I will try again." "Good morning, Nelly!" She heard then, for her face was flushed to the edge of her hair. He looked steadily at her a moment, and understood her desire. It was the last time she saw him for five years. The next meal there was a vacant chair at the table—Ellen was there but ate nothing. Poor cousin John!

CHAPTER III.

Accident, or the hand of Providence threw a better influence about the womanhood of Ellen Clardy. The accident was that

great blessing in disguise, *the blockade of the South.* Did the few friends from whom we were separated look pityingly upon us? Did we seem shut out from the light, imprisoned in darkness?—What an error! To our isolation we owe the development of the vast resources of the South, the industry of her men and women, the spirit of earnest endeavor, the pride of independent labor, the dignity of pursuit, and a social, moral and spiritual elevation.—Such are the fruits of sacrifice—then tell us not we fought in vain! We wear flushed cheeks, and conquer rising tears, but we neither blush nor weep for shame; for true Southrons have lain in the fiery furnace, and bear the ring of good metal within their souls. Not the least of our laurels do we count the elevation of Southern Literature.

The first year of the War, Ellen Clardy missed the visits of Harper, Frank Leslie, Godey and Peterson, and read the old numbers over again; then in desperation for something to read, borrowed the *Ledger* and Mrs. Southworth's novels. In the earnest life that Southern women lived, these palled upon her taste. The next year she enjoyed 'Debit and Credit,' it made her a worker, 'Les Miserables,' a thinker; so thinking and working together, she awoke from her old dreams. About that time a copy of Godey's Lady's Book crept through the lines and found its way to her. Therein she found something to this effect: "There is an innate refinement in the character of the Northern Ladies which can never be attained by a Southern woman, even through association and education, in consequence of the coarse manners which result from their peculiar institutions." She was a Southern Woman, and proud of the title; so she laid down the book, quietly made a bonfire of all such trash to be found in her possession, and placed that last crowning insult on the summit of the pile.

Her lover came down from his ideal height, step by step. The spell was finally broken by a falsehood. He raved, of course; and strove by an outburst of temper, and an imperious will, to force her back into his power, but she was firm.

"I am no longer a silly dreamer," said she, "I have conquered myself."

"It was a dream then," returned he quickly.

"Yes, a dream of an overwrought brain, warped by pernicious reading, and idleness."

"What are your objections to me?"

"You have a jealous disposition"—Perfect love casteth out fear. "You are cruel—you shot your horse last summer to intimidate me."

"Anything else, my brave and fair one?" asked he derisively.

"Yes. I thought I loved you then, for I attributed your violent emotions to love of me, and was flattered by it."

"It *was* love! I would sell my honor for you, Ellen!"

"That is it, Mr. St. Clair; that is my reason for this step. I cannot become the wife of a man who would sacrifice a principle

for my sake! He must hold his honor as sacred as my own."

"What have I done?"

"Ask your conscience—I am not your accuser, except in this—*you told me a falsehood*, and wronged a man who is brave and quick to resent a wrong, but will spare you for my sake."

"Then you forever refuse me?"

"I do!"

"Is there no remnant of past love to reproach you with broken faith?"

She smiled as she replied, "I would be untrue to you and to myself if I married you; I would not wrong any man thus. Your affection for me has not ennobled you, nor has the hope of mine made you a better man. It is an infatuation—forget it."

So much for good reading and hard work. She felt very free when he left her, and would have been quite happy, but—poor cousin John!

One by one of Ellen's admirers were rejected, until it was said she would never marry. When she grew sad and quiet some one said, "Ah, she is setting her cap for our minister!" When the minister's sermons grew eloquent in denunciation, the young men said, "He has met our fate."—There was a rosewood box on a small workstand in her room; the key of it lay in her bosom. What did it contain? Ah, that was the secret! She must tell it herself.

CHAPTER IV.

John Smith came home after the surrender of Lee's army with a scar on his face and a star on his collar. The fatted calf would have been killed, and a ring put on his finger; but, alas! the calves in that section had all been slain, and the rings had rolled northward, so there was nothing left but a welcome. This was hearty enough. He was grateful for it, but Ellen labored under a difficulty of breathing which annoyed him.—There was an uncomfortable lump in his own throat, which his aunt endeavored to cure. He poured her remedies in the fire when that worthy lady turned her back upon him, but remained in his room twenty-four hours, reading with his book upside down. Twenty cigars were lighted during the time, half of them at the wrong end. Ellen understood the case sooner than he did, and laughed, sang and danced about the house in an unfeeling manner. She was very annoying to a sick man. He resolved to go to Brazil, but would show her before he left how calmly he could speak of the past; that he cared as little for her as she did for him. One evening he saw her from his window trimming the roses. It was a good opportunity; so he left the house, and walked leisurely down that way, cutting the air with a spray of spirea held in his hand. Nothing was easier. He dashed boldly at the subject.

"Ellen, do you remember how I used to dress your hair? Let me dress it again."

The spray was trembling when he wound it about her head, but

it is a slender plant, and nods to the softest breath of spring.

"Yellow jessamine was your favorite then."

"It is still." Both voices were low and unsteady.

"What a fool I was the evening that"—

John was no coward—the boys in the ranks called him "steady and stout," while he wore "the grey"—but here he came to a halt and left the field in confusion. However, he rallied and recovered his position, facing Ellen and the roses. An old soldier ran from a little woman behind a breastwork of flowers and a battery of smiles, playing on him! But it came her turn to tremble before his resolute advance, so she bent over to examine the roses with the air of a professional gardener. There were some incoherent remarks made about the health of "Lady Banks," that year, and a fear expressed that "Louis the Fourteenth" was backward; to which he appropriately replied, as follows:

"Ellen, I thought I had conquered myself, or I would never have returned. I will go away again." She turned white. "You are not looking well, have I offended you?"

"No, John—I want to ask your pardon for refusing to bid you good morning five years ago." She spoke quickly and walked away from the spot, he following. She gave him no time to tell her she was forgiven—they were already at the gate—the same little gate on which she used to swing.

Her hand was on the latch, but it was fast. He leaned against it, and she looked up in his face as he spoke.

"Tell me, did you love St. Clair?"

"I did not."

"Have you ever loved?" Her eyes fell.

"Yes, John."

"I am a fool again! Forgive me, I had no right to ask." An April drift of light and shade crossed her face. The latch clicked, and he held the gate open for her to pass through. She made a movement forward, hesitated, and looked timidly in his eyes.

"When you see me again, I shall be more of a man," said he, looking away from her.

"Oh, John, why don't you ask the name of him I love!"

"Tell it, I can bear it." She stepped lightly back and whispered close to his ear, so close that her breath warmed his cheek—

"John!"

Still looking away, lest sight might break the spell, he asked again the name, and she answered again—

"John!"

"Ellen, could you marry a man like me? A common man!"

"Common?" echoed she almost indignantly, "common indeed! Why, John, I have never seen a man like you!"

"I am disfigured."

"Oh, John, hush! That scar is a patent of nobility, a badge of honor—look at me, I am proud of it." He looked, and saw that he was a man—every inch a King in her eyes; and she saw that to him she was the dearest woman in the world. Standing thus to-

gether, it seemed to both that the little venture that went down with the setting sun so many years ago, had anchored a fleet of golden argosies upon the sky, and the stars came out to clap their hands for joy!

CHAPTER V.

They were married. The bride had told her husband often why she loved him; but it never sounded old in his ears. He asked her again when the wedding was over, and she was more explicit than ever. So it was a charming new story.

"How did you learn that you loved me?"

"By contrast. When Hugh was jealous, I remembered one who would have trusted me to the end of the world. When he shot his horse, I thought of one who splintered the leg of a mocking bird and brought it home to me in his bosom. When he told me a falsehood, I thought of one who loved the truth and never swerved from it. Ah, John, how could you love me when I was so unkind?" Her lips quivered as she thought of that morning greeting she never returned. What if she had never heard his voice again!

"You had your faults, Nelly, and I had mine. I hoped we could help each other to mend them." His smile lifted the shadow.

"You have no faults, you dear one!" Those were earnest, worshipful eyes set upon him.

It is a hard thing for a man to tell a woman not to idolize him, when she insists on doing so. She stood at the back of his chair—her arms around his neck, and her hands locked together on his breast. There was tenderness given for tenderness, smiles for smiles, but his face wore a serious expression. He took a Bible from the table and turned the leaves over slowly. The bridal veil enveloped both as she leaned forward to read where he pointed. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." Her hands were unclasped, and she was lifted around in his arms to hear him read on to the end of the commandment. Then he spoke in a firm but gentle tone: "Power is sweet to every human being. Its gratification is increased by the idolatry of those who love us until we become overbearing and exacting. Thus, many men, who truly love their wives, become their tyrants. Help me to guard against this, my darling!"

"You could not be a tyrant," said Ellen, unwilling to see a shadow of wrong in her abundant love.

"I asked you to help me guard against it, will you?"

"Yes."

"From this tyranny," continued he, "proceeds selfishness; from selfishness, servitude. True marriage is not a state of slavery. I do not wish my wife to be my servant in any capacity whatever. The idea is revolting to a lover, it should be to a husband. Habitual selfishness alone could demand it

—when I want a servant I will hire one."

"But dear," said Ellen, "you would not have me regardless of the comforts of your home?"

"No, but I wish no system of sacrifice instituted therein—where there is work to do, we will work together—where there is pleasure, we will enjoy it together also. If our burdens are grievous to be borne, we will help each other—the heavier burden borne by the stronger."

"Ah, yes," added she, "I see your meaning, you would have us co-workers, hand to hand, heart to heart, aiding and comforting each other—such a wife, with God's help, I intend to become."

"Then there will be perfect peace in our home. *I conceive the true spirit of marriage to be the toil of twain as one, in the exercise of every gift for mutual happiness, which redounds to the glory of God!*"

"These are serious reflections, and my bride wears too sad a face for our bridal day—you are not frightened, Nelly?"

"Oh, no, it is a solemn thing, but you are with me, and God is with us both—I am not afraid!"

"Then smile again, or I shall forget the dignity of my position as a married man, and become a teasing boy—I'll pull down your hair, I'll steal your slippers off your feet, I'll toss you to the ceiling like a baby, if you do not immediately smile for your tyrannical husband! There! That will do very well,—now laugh aloud or I will proceed to open this mysterious box."

"Oh, you prying fellow! Hands off!"

"My curiosity is on the increase; gratify it, or I'll light my cigar and smoke in your room. I'll color your laces with nicotine!"

"Guess then!"

"Some trophy of the War?"

"No!"

"A bunch of faded flowers?"

"No!"

"A package of letters tied with blue ribbon, perhaps?"

"No, you are not good at guess-work; you are the most stupid husband I ever had in my life—they are mementoes of my love."

"False woman, and you have preserved them until now!" exclaimed he, in playful reproach, as she took a small key from her bosom and opened the box. There was a mocking bird's wing lying on top.

"Do you remember the bird you gave me, John?"

"With the broken leg?"

"Yes; when the poor thing died, I kept this wing."

"I told you to cure the little sufferer and set him free."

"But he died."

"What is this then? Pot-hooks and hangers, as I live! Ha, ha! Fine specimens truly. Here is Hogarth's line of beauty!"

"You need not laugh, sir, you set the copies yourself—and marked them in pencil for me to trace over."

"I humbly beg pardon—now you will certainly permit me to laugh at this," said he, holding up a well-worn child's boot, with the red top half torn off—"what

little ragamuffin's boot is this? you odd-notioned woman!"

"It belongs to the boy who used to climb trees for yellow jasmine for my hair."

"How did you come by it?"

"I put it away the day you lost the mate on the river bank, to keep uncle from making you wear one boot to school." He laughed at his wife's odd treasures, but appreciated them as she continued, "I put those things away while you were gone, because I was afraid you might never come back home."

"And you loved me all that time?" asked he fondly.

"Yes, John, dear, and I am so glad to know it by these simple signs! So glad to know my heart was true all the time, and only this crazy head went wandering. If you ever have cause to be jealous of my thoughts, it will be of those truants that slip off from our happy present to those dear old times."

"And you never regret that—that dream?"

"Yes, I regret its follies, but rejoice that it is over. I am awake now, and so happy!"

"But your ideal? You are sure you don't mind my light hair?" asked he suppressing a smile.

"Why, John, I like it!"

"Ha, ha! Love is not blind, but I am sure he wears glasses—nor my yellow moustache?"

"No!"

"Nor my large mouth?"

"That is benevolent!"

"In the way of kisses, very! As hereunto attested."

"Well, Ellen, there is one thing you do not like, and you must own it, with your usual candor. I shall not mind it at all, on the contrary, I agree with you perfectly—that is your objection to my name."

"John, I like it, I do, I declare I do! You need not laugh! It sounds honest, rugged and strong; and I like it because—"

"I won't laugh any more, finish your sentence."

"Because it is my husband's name, and he invests everything about him with his own sturdy manliness."

Thereupon followed a demonstration decidedly foolish, a fashion we laugh at, but must revere, since it bears date of the day when Adam kissed Eve in the garden of Eden.

"Ah, dearest, should I ever realize the highest and best within me, the merit will be yours.—God's best gift to me has been my own true wife!"

N. B. The wedding was a very private affair, nothing striking about it, not even a tone. What was the use of a grand display? The sum total of the matter was, that a beautiful girl named Ellen Clardy found something to admire, esteem and love, in a young man who signed his name—"John Smith, Esq."

LIME AS A FERTILIZER.

HAVING been frequently asked the value of lime as a fertilizer, and requested to state its specific uses in the economy of the farm, I propose to sum up the best established *practical* results derived from science, and confirmed by the experience of the most judicious authorities on the subject.

Lime is a substance familiarly known to all our farming communities, and is everywhere valued for its varied and important applications—so valued that some have regarded it "the basis of all good husbandry;" and even so excellent a judge as Prof. Johnston declares it to be "the most valuable and most extensively used of all the mineral substances that have ever been made available in practical agriculture."—A fertilizer that can claim such a high encomium from such a source, deserves to have its merits better understood—its nature, its modes of action, its practical results more thoroughly comprehended. We propose to confine our remarks to such points only as are applicable to carbonate of lime and its derivatives, such as quick lime, slaked lime, &c.

In the form in which it is usually offered in the market, and in which, therefore, it is most generally available for the farmer, lime is a caustic alkali, (burnt lime,) and this caustic quality is the main cause of its activity and efficiency in the service of the skilful agriculturist. The food we eat is not in a condition to nourish our bodies as it comes in its crude state from the harvest field—it must be cooked, masticated, and even when swallowed it cannot be taken up by the blood, and distributed through the system for the nourishment of our bodies, till it has been acted on by the gastric and other juices—it must be "digested." So with the plant; its food, too, must, in some sense, be cooked, masticated and digested, before it can be taken up and assimilated by the living organism.

Caustic lime is the cook that prepares the food, and the gastric juice that digests the nourishment for the plant. But while this digesting operation is, perhaps, in the great majority of cases where lime is artificially applied, its most important function, it must not be forgotten that this is not its only office; lime is not only the cook that prepares other food for the growing crop, but is itself essential to the nourishment of the plant, entering into its composition, constituting an important part of its inorganic elements, besides performing other valuable offices to be discussed as we proceed.

These general statements are sufficient to suggest the nature and character of the work which lime accomplishes for the practical farmer, and to show, in a general way, the foundation of its great reputation as a mineral fertilizer. But let us descend to particulars.

There are five modes of action by which mineral manures may profit the growing plant when applied to the soil.

1st. They may themselves become food for the growing crop.

2nd. They may digest and prepare the food already in the soil.

3rd. They may absorb gaseous fertilizers from the atmosphere, and retain them for the future use of the plant.

4th. They may destroy or neutralize substances in the soil which are poisonous or injurious to the crop.

5th. They may improve the mechanical condition of the soil.

Some mineral manures perform one of the offices, and some another, but lime accomplishes them all.

In regard to the first mode of action, chemical analysis settles the question; it shows that lime is present in the ashes of all our field crops, and that in some of them, as clover, peas, turnips, &c., it is a principal ingredient. Hence lime, if it be naturally deficient, may be usefully added to the soil simply as a food for the crop, and, if wholly wanting, its addition becomes an absolute necessity, as no crop could be matured without it.

In regard to the second point, lime may be considered as a specific; the most important service which it generally renders to the plant, when applied in large quantities, is the digestion and preparation of other manures, which, though found in the soil, are not in a condition to be absorbed by the roots, and thus made available, for immediate use.

By its caustic and alkaline properties, lime facilitates the decomposition of all vegetable and animal matters, liberating their nutritive elements, and converting insoluble, into soluble compounds, thus rendering them capable of being absorbed and appropriated.

Even the inert mineral masses of the soil do not escape the digestive action of lime: felspar and other minerals containing the silicates of potash and soda, more readily surrender, in the presence of lime, their treasures of potash and soda; and these alkalies in their turn help to convert the insoluble into soluble silicates, and thus supply to our cereals the elements that support their stems, enabling them to bear up against storm and wind; it is the absence of this soluble silica, which lime assists in digesting, that often causes our grain crops to fall to the ground before they are fully matured.

As to the third point, the absorption of fertilizing elements from the air, lime, both directly and indirectly, by its own action, and by its pulverizing effect upon compact soils, exerts a highly beneficial influence. True, it does not, like plaster of Paris, absorb ammonia directly from the atmosphere, but what is quite as much to the farmer's interest, it converts the ammonia which may be forming in the soil, into nitric acid, and thus fixes its valuable elements so as to prevent escape into the air. Moreover, we have the highest authority for saying that when organic matter is decomposing, in the soil, ammonia is generated by absorbing nitrogen

from the air, and thus, as we have seen that lime promotes this decomposition, it promotes also, the formation of these most valuable manures from atmospheric elements.

In the fourth place, it is well known that lime will counteract the injurious acids, both organic and inorganic, which collect in damp soils where much vegetable matter is decomposing, and which render the land sour and unfavorable to successful cultivation. It is of the nature of an alkali, like lime, to neutralize these acids and make these sour lands sweet and mellow. Lime also decomposes and counteracts the injurious sulphates of iron, of magnesia, and of alumina, all of which sometimes abound to the serious injury of every variety of field crops, and often disappoint the hopes of the industrious laborer.

In the fifth place, that lime affects the mechanical constitution of the soil, would be naturally inferred from what we have seen of its power to decompose the earthy matters which contain the valuable mineral elements of the soil.

Lime, by pulverizing the solid particles, renders the land more loose and friable, at the same time that it liberates the valuable stores of nutritious matter locked up in them. By its chemical action it makes stiff and heavy clays more light and porous, while its mechanical effect is to render more compact the texture of looser soils.

Lime is thus the busy agent of the farmer, collecting, pulverizing, elaborating, digesting whatever it can find in air, earth or water, and diligently exacting tribute alike from the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, for the use and support of the growing plant: it is not only itself a food, but it also acts as a digester, an absorber, a neutralizer and a mechanical improver. What more could be expected from a single fertilizer? This surely is a great deal, but it is not all.

Among the effects of lime Prof. Johnson enumerates several particulars in which it modifies even the character of the vegetation.—For instance, it alters the natural production of the soil by its tendency to extirpate certain coarse grasses which infest some localities, and prevent the growth of richer and more nutritive kinds. "It kills," he says, "heath, moss, and sour and benty grasses, and brings up a sweet and tender herbage, mixed with white and red clover, more greedily eaten, and more nourishing to the cattle. Indeed all fodder, whether natural or artificial, is said to be sounder and more nourishing, when grown upon land to which lime has been abundantly applied." It is said also, that it "improves the quality of almost every cultivated crop:" all kinds of grains, peas, turnips, potatoes, &c., are found to be more suitable for food when grown on well-limed soils. It is claimed that it also "hastens the maturity of the crop," causing the small grains to mature from ten to fourteen days earlier on limed soils than on those unlimed. The quantity of lime necessary to accomplish these results when applied to cultivated lands,

depends upon so many conditions of soil, climate and cultivation that no general rule can be given.

We learn from experiments carefully conducted in England, that "the quantity of pure lime contained in the crops produced upon one acre during four years rotation amounted, on an average, to 242 lbs." This gives us about 60 lbs. per acre, actually removed from the soil every year in composition with the vegetable matter, and which was necessary to its growth and healthy development. We thus see how much of this element may be needed for the actual *nourishment* of the plants, and how rapidly soils, not abundantly supplied by nature, must become exhausted of this essential ingredient, if it be not artificially applied.

Under such circumstances lands, which otherwise might be highly productive, may become sterile and useless.

But this statement only includes the lime necessary for a single one of the five uses specified above, and that one ordinarily demanding a less quantity than either of the others. If to this be added the amount sufficient for all the other purposes, we may appreciate more fully the quantities sometimes profitably employed in countries where agriculture is carried to the highest perfection. According to Bossingault "soil which is without a considerable proportion of the calcareous element, never possesses a high degree of fertility."

A simple calculation will show that where no lime is present in the land, it will require about 400 bushels per acre to give the small proportion of only one per cent. of lime for a depth of 12 inches below the surface.

Few soils are thus wholly devoid of lime, and much smaller quantities will suffice for all the purposes of agriculture. Bossingault informs us, that, in England, clay lands receive the large amount of from 230 to 300 bushels of lime per acre, and lighter lands from 150 to 200 bushels. This must be but once for a term of many years. In France the amount applied is greatly less, about 60 or 70 bushels per acre, at intervals of seven or eight years. Johnston tells us that in Great Britain a dose is on an average from 7 to 10 bushels, per acre, a year. In Flanders, where agriculture has achieved its greatest triumphs, the quantity used is not so large, only 10 or 12 bushels every three years.

In this country the experience is similar to Europe.

A practical farmer in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, writes: "The quantity (of lime) depends on the kind of soil and after-treatment. Heavy clay can bear 100 or more bushels to the acre, while, on light soils, from 50 to 80 bushels will answer very well." Another report from Chester county, Pennsylvania, says that, "lime is mostly spread on the sod at the rate of 30 to 60 bushels to the acre, once in each course of crops," and to show the practical results, it is added, "nearly all our land for miles around, was formerly worn out old fields, which would produce nothing, but the application of

lime unlocked the hidden treasures of the soil and rendered available, as food for plants, the inert organic matter which it contained. This, accompanied by judicious cultivation and proper rotation of crops, has entirely changed the appearance of our neighborhood. Scarcely an old field is now to be found." Hon. T. G. Clemson, who was formerly connected with the Agricultural Department of the United States Government, remarks that so small a quantity as a bushel to the acre has produced good effects.

Governor Hammond, of South Carolina, one of the most successful, as well as intelligent planters the South has ever had, was accustomed to boat lime, in the condition of shell-marl, twelve miles up the Savannah river, for the use of his plantation, and apply it at the rate of 200 bushels per acre. The writer has witnessed on his light, sandy, pine lands, thus limed, a yield of 38 bushels of corn to the acre, while the same kind of land in an adjacent field, not limed, would scarcely average 10 bushels.—These statements show, at once, the importance of lime as a fertilizer, and the marked difference in the quantity which experience has shown to be best suited to the soil and climate of the several countries mentioned, and points out the necessity for a thorough understanding of the whole subject, in order to a judicious application of it. To apply to the loose and sandy soil of Flanders, the 200 or 300 bushels, per acre, which the Englishman finds desirable on his compact clay lands, or on his cold and tenacious heath meadows, would be a sad mistake.

Enough has been said to show that, comparatively, large quantities of lime are found to be useful in the experience of all these countries, where scientific agriculture has successfully worked out the highest practical results; but each individual must reflect for himself upon the principles involved, and upon their application to his particular case. It may be said, in a general way, that larger portions may be profitably added to stiff and heavy clays, than to light and sandy localities—to wet and marshy lands, than to dry and mellow regions, to deep rich loam, in which vegetable matter abounds, than to poor and exhausted fields. Indeed, as the primary object of using lime is to digest the organic substances already present, rather than to act as food for the plant, there being generally enough for that purpose naturally in the soil, it becomes a point of the first importance to have this organic matter abundantly present, and wherever this condition is fully met, as by the roots, grass and leaves of freshly cleared ground, or by green manures ploughed in, or by barn-yard composts, we may confidently use the lime with a liberal hand, but if these conditions be not complied with, damage and disappointment will follow, instead of the rich rewards anticipated.—More lime, also, may be safely applied in cold, than hot climates, and to land subject to deep til-

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lage, than where ploughing is always shallow: for it is plain that a less quantity will suffice to supply the soil, if only four inches deep, than if it be ploughed 12 inches. Wherever, then, a system of high culture is proposed, both theory and practice suggest that we begin at first with a heavy liming, proportioning the quantity to the quality of the soil, and especially to the amount of organic matter it contains, and that this be followed at the close of every rotation of crops, embracing a period of several years each, with lighter limings. The Flemish rule, which gives the smallest quantity of any of the examples quoted above, requires 10 or 12 bushels, per acre, at the close of every three years, making an average of 3 or 4 bushels annually. This in Flanders yields the best results for the investment. In France and England, experience has indicated a much larger amount.

It need scarcely be added that the ultimate net profits of liming must depend, among other things, upon the cheapness and facility with which lime can be procured at the required locality.

All these points must be carefully weighed, if we would accurately balance the account of loss and gain.

But one thing is certain, that we of the desolated South are hopelessly ruined as an agricultural people, if we do not now avail ourselves promptly of all those artificial aids which are applicable to our case, and which have combined to make other countries agriculturally great.—The same practical wisdom, energy and earnestness which have made the marshes and sandy plains of Flanders the garden of Europe, can convert the abused and wasted regions of the South back again to even more than their primeval fertility and beauty.

The mode of application, like the question of quantity, depends much upon circumstances.

If the application is to be made to clay or boggy and peaty lands, or to such as have large supplies of inert vegetable matter, the lime should be slaked quickly and applied immediately, in a caustic state. When it is required on lighter lands, it should be "air-slaked," or allowed to slake slowly and spontaneously, by absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, as this gives it in a finer powder and somewhat milder form, and therefore, less liable to injure the tender herbage. But for general purposes, especially where the soil is light and poor, it is best that the lime should be well composted with rich vegetable mould, or such decayed vegetable matter as may be available: in this form it can be more regularly scattered, and its caustic power being somewhat masked in the compost, it is less liable to do injury, at the same time that it acts more promptly and efficiently upon the growing crop; this increased efficiency in the composted state is due to the fact that the digestive processes which lime ordinarily carries on in the soil, have already begun in the compost heaps, thus offering food for ready absorption. On this account, too, the longer it has been in this state the more

fertilizing it becomes. It may be added also, with beneficial results to composts of *fresh* animal matters, as it so controls the fermenting process as to cause the valuable elements to form compounds which are not subject to evaporation, while, if lime had not been present, these same elements would have entered into combinations which are highly volatile and liable to escape: it should never be mixed, however, with animal manures which are *already decomposed*, as it expels the gaseous fertilizers existing in the mass before the lime is added. When properly composted with vegetable or animal matter, lime may be applied just as any other rich manure directly to the growing crop, whether it be tender grass, or clover, or grains of any kind: but if it is to be applied in the condition of slaked lime it will not produce its full effect at once upon the soil, and, therefore, as long an interval as possible should intervene between its application and the planting of the crop which it is intended to benefit—as, for instance, in the early fall for the benefit of winter and spring grain.

Some authorities, as Waring's Elements of Agriculture, and the American Muck Book, by Browne, with much plausibility, urge the use of a "lime and salt mixture" as containing more valuable qualities, both for manuring and digesting, than lime itself. This mixture is obtained by slaking fresh burnt-lime with water thoroughly saturated with salt, using the materials in the proportion of three bushels of lime to one of salt. The lime decomposes the salt, giving us chloride of lime and carbonate of soda, both valuable agents in promoting the fertility of the soils. To secure the more perfect combination of the lime and salt, the brine should not all be applied at once, but at intervals of a day or two, in order to give time for the changes to take place more thoroughly; and even after the slaking is completed, ten or twelve days should elapse before the mixture is used. There can be no doubt of the value of this compound, especially in cases where salt would be a desirable manure on its own account.

For evident reasons lime, when intended to benefit the land generally, should always be as evenly distributed, and as thoroughly incorporated with the soil as possible: it should not, however, be ploughed in very deeply as it has naturally a constant tendency to descend in the soil; and because, also, while near the surface, it is more easily reached by the air, which is essential to those digestive functions which constitute its chief value.

When quick-lime is added in large quanties to soils naturally wet, and which have not been sufficiently drained, the lime may form into a mortar, and become hardened to such a degree as to obstruct the free passage of water and air, as well as of the roots of the plants. Under such circumstances, of course, the lime would be an injury, and the remedy for the evil, thorough draining. On soils which are light, dry and poor in vegetable matter, a heavy application of pure lime

would also prove injurious by rendering the land too open, and by its chemical effects causing the crop to "burn" as it is called.—In each of these cases, if the lime be added in a well composted state, all the evil consequences are at once averted, at the same time that additional supplies of warmth and nourishment are given to stimulate the growth of vegetation. Indeed, the opinion is maintained by some that lime may be indefinitely added without injury, provided we, at the same time, proportionally increase the organic elements of the soil.—Whether this be correct or not, it is certainly true that what is ordinarily spoken of as the exhausting effect of lime, is only the effect of the larger crops which it causes the soil to yield, and which, of course, requires more of the elements of the soil for its growth and maturity—what is needed under such circumstances is not less lime, bnt more organic food. It frequently has happened that even so valuable a fertilizer as lime has been wholly abandoned in particular localities in consequence of unskilful applications, or hasty inferences from partial experiments. Of course where nature abundantly supplies the soil with this important element, artificial additions would be waste of time and money. So, in like manner, when lime is applied, as in some parts of England, at the rate of from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre at the end of each rotation of crops, embracing a period of 4 or 5 years, it would be no argument against the moderate use of this agent, if after a lapse of years, these large additions should produce no sensible effects whatever in consequence of the soil having become fully saturated.—And, again, the time which is required for uncomposted lime to take its effect upon the soil is a fruitful source of discouragement and often of the abandonment of this valuable fertilizer. An experimental farmer, reporting his results for the first year writes, "I applied 100 bushels (of lime) to the acre on a corn stubble and planted again in corn, but saw very little profit to the crop."—In reference to the same soil and the same liming at the end of the third year he writes: "For the past two seasons I have mowed the finest of grass." Lime, though a most efficient and valuable fertilizer, is slow in developing its finest results—indeed it scarcely exhibits fully its true character, unless when applied in the composted state, till the second or third year after its application.

Lime is also distinguished for the permanence of its effects as a fertilizer. There is known to chemists a mysterious power called "disposing affinity," for the want of a better name, by which one substance while in the presence of another, is induced or influenced to enter into combinations which it would not form in the absence of the influencing body. This is the nature of many of the changes brought about in the soil by lime, and it is by virtue of this disposing power that it continues to act and retain its peculiar qualities as a fertilizer. The permanence of its action is further increased by its

slight solubility; at the ordinary temperature it takes about 750 pounds of water to dissolve one of lime even in the caustic state, and still less can be dissolved after it has been acted on by the carbonic acid of the air. Thus it remains for a long time in the soil performing its important offices. It is said to produce sensible effects upon the crop after the lapse of 20 or 30 years, and some insist that a good supply, once added to the soil, never wholly ceases to be felt. This persistence in the effects of lime is a high merit, and one which insures to the farmer, sooner or later, if judiciously used, an ample interest upon his investment.

We have already seen that when lime is to be applied in the slaked condition, except in the case of stiff clays or rich vegetable mould, it should be slowly "air-slaked," because, in the latter case, it is not only more completely pulverized, but also of a milder character, as the caustic quality of about one-half of it is neutralized by combination with the carbonic acid of the air. As a labor-saving consideration, this slaking process should take place in the field, since, thereby, from one-fourth to one-half of the weight, and a large increase of the bulk, caused by the slaking, will be saved from transportation.

To effect this it may be piled up in heaps and covered with earth in the field, and left till it completely crumbles to powder: the covering of earth protects it from heavy rains which might convert it into mortar, and also from too free access of air which tends to change it back into the state in which it was before it was burnt. When prepared for distribution this may be accomplished by drawing it out from a cart into little heaps, from five to seven yards apart, and in quantities proportioned to the amount we desire to apply per acre, after which it can be evenly scattered. Some to accomplish the distribution more regularly, check off the land into little squares of convenient size, and apply a given quantity to each square.

Such is a general statement of the facts that seem to be best established in regard to lime as a fertilizer.

It may be useful, in conclusion, for convenient reference, to sum up the most important points of a practical character.

Lime, then, is useful to the farmer as food for his crop—as a digester of the animal, vegetable, and mineral manures in his soil—as an absorbent, indirectly, of valuable manures from the atmosphere—as a neutralizer of injurious acids and other poisonous compounds—as a pulverizer of his stiff clay soils, and as a general stimulant which improves both the quantity and quality of his produce.

The quantity of lime to be used depends on the character of the soil—on the abundance of organic matter—on the kind of cultivation—on the character of the climate—on the quantity already present in the soil, and on the cost of lime in the market where it is used.

The mode of application de-

pends on the object chiefly aimed at. If to pulverize compact tenacious *clay* lands, the caustic, water-slaked condition is best;—if to act upon the *mineral* matter of lighter soils the milder, air-slaked form will do the work; but if to digest organic matter, or to serve the general purposes of a manure to enrich the soil and give it warmth and energy—to stimulate the plant and promote a prompt development, or whatever else may be deemed necessary, the composted state is greatly preferred.

Hence, every farmer should have his cattle-lots, and horse-stalls abundantly supplied with leaves, straw, grass and organic matter of every kind, to be trampled by his stock, and ultimately thrown into compost heaps with lime and vegetable mould, or peaty matter, which will absorb all the gases that might otherwise escape. The quantity of lime for these purposes need not be great. We have seen that, though in many cases large amounts may be profitably applied where it can be cheaply obtained, yet even very small quantities are highly useful, and experience indicates that these small quantities, frequently repeated, are more beneficial than larger amounts applied but once.

Let each farmer then do what he can, even if his efforts are confined to a few acres, for the time has come when our people must abandon the old system of extensive planting, and concentrate their time, energy, and means upon comparatively small areas of land, which, to be remunerative, must be stimulated to its highest capacity by all the appliances of science and art.

ARIEL.

"THE NEGRO: *Is he the progeny of Ham? Has he a soul? Or is he a beast?* &c., &c."

When a quack comes into our cities, styling himself "King of Pain," and professing to cure all diseases, the simple are snared, and the wise—*laugh*. 'If he be a humbug, why not expose him?' ask the credulous of all doubters. 'The multitude flock to him, and if he be an impostor, the community will suffer, and it is the duty of our physicians to protect us, by exposing his false pretensions. Besides, he is making hundreds of dollars, where they make but one.' 'All true, but *cui bono?* the labor would be lost, for the easily duped are not likely to be influenced by argument.'

So we felt, when requested to review that shallowest, and most brazen of all quack effusions—"Ariel." But, it is urged, though the multitude of the duped will not be convinced, yet some may have their eyes opened to the true character of this disgraceful production. And, therefore, we make the attempt,—albeit, as one would shrink from dissecting a putrid carcass, so we shrink from running our pen through this farrago of corruption, folly, blasphemy, conceit and impudence. We will notice

1. His argument from Color. All Adam's descendants are white: but the negro is black: therefore not descended from Adam. Let us try this formidable weapon, and see how it cuts. Adam's descendants are white: but Indians are red; and as red is not white, as well as black is not white, therefore, Indians are not descended from Adam. But, *per contra*, Adam, he tells us, signifies "red;" the name denoting the complexion. Therefore, his descendants are red. And therefore Indians, and other red races, are the sole descendants of Adam. Again. The universal characteristics of negroes are "black skins, kinky-heads, flat noses, and thick lips," and yet, such is their beauty, that it has produced tremendous results! "that kind of beauty, that once seduced the sons of God, and brought the flood upon the earth"!

Again. The negro was in the Ark. But only 8 souls were in the Ark—Noah and his family. And as the negro is not descended from either of the sons of Noah, he must have been in the Ark, not as a soul, but as a beast.—But how is it proved that the negro is not descended from either of the sons of Noah? It is conceded by all that he did not descend from either Shem or Japhet. And it is argued, that neither did he descend from Ham. How? In this way. First, Ham himself could not have been a negro.—Neither his name nor the curse pronounced upon him proves it. The name *Ham* does not, primarily, signify *black*, but granting that it does, yet the *name* could not determine his color. Why

not? Because if it does, then Shem's and Japhet's names must also describe their color. This is his argument from the *name*. But as the color of Shem and Japhet was the usual, normal color, there was no reason why *their* names should describe their color; whereas, on the supposition—*and we make the supposition solely for the purpose of testing the worth of his argument*—that Ham's color was not the usual color, then there would be a propriety in *his* name describing that abnormal color. His argument from the *curse* is as worthless as that from the *name*—although it be admitted that neither name nor curse, in itself, proved Ham to be a negro. The curse upon Ham could not, he says, have blackened his skin, kinked his hair, and flattened his nose, because the curse on our first parents, the curse on the serpent, the curse on Cain, the curse of Jacob on Simeon and Levi, did not "blacken the skin, kink the hair, and flatten the nose!" So that if the *same results* do not follow *all* curses, that follow, or are said to follow, *any one* curse, then they do not follow this last, at all! Accordingly, as Adam, when said to be cursed, did not, like the serpent when cursed, crawl on his belly and eat dust all his days, so it is clear he was not cursed at all! Again. He says that Ham "could not have been turned into a negro, for accidently seeing his father naked. Tremendous judgment for so slight an offence!"—This argument, if good for anything, would be equally good against the curse on Ham, or Canaan, to be "the servant of servants" for the crime of which he was guilty, exposing the nakedness of his father;—and is thus a reflection upon that God who inspired the curse of Noah. Having seen the character of his reasoning on Ham's name and curse, let us now see, secondly, his argument against the negro being among Ham's descendants. We know, says he, where Ham and his descendants went, what countries they peopled, and where they may be found at this day, and they all belong to the white race, with long, straight hair, high foreheads, high noses and thin lips, &c. He then endeavors to trace the course of two of Ham's sons, Mizraim and Canaan, but passes by the other two, Phut and Cush, the latter of whom is the father of the Cushites, (rendered *Ethiopians* about forty times in our English Bible,) to which stock the negro race belong: "Can the *Cushite change his skin?*"—"*Cush* shall soon stretch out her hands to God." "I will make mention of Rahab and Babylon to them that know Me: behold Philistia and Tyre, with *Cush;* this man was born there," &c. The infidel Gliddon himself says: "Kush, barbarian country, perverse race, being the Egyptian designatory name and title of *Negroes.*" The Cushite, or Negro, then, is the descendant of Ham. But, says Ariel, once white, always white: Ham himself was white, and therefore all his descendants *must be* white; and so we find them, everywhere, *all* having long, straight hair, high foreheads, high noses and thin lips! Indeed! Then this is

more than can be said of all *Shem's* descendants or *Japhet's* either! Mr. Buckingham informs us, that the Arabs, near the Jordan, where the climate is intensely hot, have dark skins, flat features and coarse hair; and in the Hauran beyond, he found a family with negro features, a jet black complexion, and crisped hair, of whose genuiue Arab descent he could have no doubt. And Rozet says, that in Algiers there are many Arabs as black as negroes, and yet preserving all the characteristics of the Arab race. Bishop Heber was surprised to find natives of India as black as African negroes. And an American Missionary, Mr. Rankin, states that one in six of the natives of Hindostan are as black as a full-blooded African. The Jews in Cochin and Malabar are so black as not to be distinguished from the other inhabitants. Ethiopians, according to the Greeks, denoted both an Asiatic and an African people. Homer speaks of them as a divided race of men, living in the extreme East and the extreme West, (Odyss. 1, 23-24,) and Herodotus distinguishes the Eastern Ethiopians in Asia from the Western Ethiopians in Africa by the straight hair of the former, and the curly hair of the latter. He says: "The Eastern Ethiopians have their hair straight: those of Africa have their hair more crisp and curling than other men." "The Egyptians were of the opinion that the Colchians were descended from the troops of Sesostris: to this I myself was always inclined, *because they are black, and have their hair short and curling.*' "The circumstance of the Egyptian Priestess being *black*, explains to us her *Egyptian origin.*" The Egyptians *all white*, says Ariel. "The Priestess being *black*, explains her *Egyptian* origin," says Herodotus! In the recently opened tomb of Shishak, King of Egypt, B. C. about 970, there are found in his depicted army exact representations of the genuine negro race, both in color, hair and physiognomy. At a meeting of Anthropologists at Paris, a few months since, M. Quatrefages, one of the most eminent French savans, observed: "All travelers who have lived in countries where only the negro race dwelt, have remarked that sometimes children were born of paler color less distant from the white type. This, said M. Quatrefages, is to be explained by the influence of original white ancestors, whose type reappear exceptionally among their negro descendants. This re-appearance of the ancestral type is what is called *ativism;* and as black children are never found among the white races, it must be inferred, that if the negroes descend from the whites, the whites do not descend from the negroes."

We shall oppose, then, the testimonies of savans, historians, and intelligent travellers, to the reckless assertions of a bold ignoramus. We consider, for a moment,

2. His argument from Mummies. To demonstrate, beyond all doubt, that negroes are not the descendants of Ham, Providence, it seems, moved in an extraordinary manner, or inspired, the

posterity of Mizraim, Ham's son, to resort to an extraordinary thing, viz: embalming the dead, so that after ages might have ocular proof of the complexion of Ham and his children, and thus the slander of the parentage of the negro be forever rebuked! "No other nation, as such, then or since, embalmed their dead." "The people of Mizraim *alone*, of all nations of the earth, did so." "Millions of mummied bodies have been exhumed this century, but *not one negro* has been found among them." *Per contra*, the distinguished Hugh Miller affirms: "Negro skulls *of a very high antiquity* have been found among the mummies of the ancient kingdom of Egypt." Portraits of the negro are found on Egyptian monuments, and their skulls among the Egyptian mummies, as the eminent Dr. Morton in his "Crania Egyptiaca," shews. The museums of Europe demonstrate to be true what Ariel recklessly denies. So far from embalming being confined to one people, it is a fact well established, that the Romans, to some extent, embalmed; so did the ancient Peruvians, and the ancient inhabitants of the Canary Islands, and others.

But even Ariel feels that he has gone too far. He adds this note, at the end of his pamphlet: "Some few kinky-headed negroes have been found embalmed on the Nile, but they were generally *negro-traders* from the interior of the country, and of much later dates!" Kinky-headed beasts embalmed! Beasts trading in beasts, and trading with men! We consider

3. His argument from Ethnology. He tells us, that the sons of Mizraim, after settling Egypt, went to Asia, "which was settled by them," and "gave names to different parts of the country, which they retain yet." "The sons of Mizraim were Hind, Sind, Zeng, Nuba, Kanaan, Kush, Kopt, Berber and Hebesh; and that they founded, amongst others, the nations of Hindoos, and Turks, is unquestioned and undoubted by any intelligent scholar"!! For this wonderful information he refers us to the "Asiatic Miscellany," page 148, 4to. But the Asiatic Miscellany, page 148, 4to., gives us these words: "In the Rozit ul Suffa it is written that God bestowed *on Ham* nine sons, Hind, Sind, Zeng, Nuba, Kanaan, Kush, Kopt, Berber, and Hebesh; and their children having increased to an immense multitude, God caused each tribe to speak a different language; wherefore they separated, and each of them applied to the cultivation of their own lands." The Bible tells us that Ham had *four* sons, not nine, Cush, Mizraim, Phut and Canaan; and gives us also the descendants of Mizraim; Ludim, Anamim, Lehabim, Naphtuhim, Pathrusim, Casluhim, Caphtorim. And yet the dreams of an Oriental Fable are to set aside the teachings of the Word of God!

But this is not all. Not only the Hindoos, but the Saracens, the Scythians, the Turks, "the great Turko-Tartar Generals, Timour, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, the chivalrous, the noble

Saladin, *all these were the children of Ham*"!! Now, his commentator, Adam Clarke, who is quite an authority with him, would have taught him better. "Magog, says Clarke, supposed by many to be the father of the Scythians and Tartars, or Tatars, as the word should be written; and in Great Tartary many names are still found, which bear such a striking resemblance to the Gog and Magog of the Scriptures, as to leave little doubt of their identity." So, likewise, Calmet: "Magog, son of Japhet, and father as is believed of the Scythians and Tartars, a name which comprehends the Getœ, the Goths, the Samaritans, the Sacœ, the Massagetœ and others. The Tartars and Muscovites possess the country of the ancient Scythians, and retain several traces of the names Gog and Magog." The Turanian stock, to which the Tatars, the Turks, belong, is a branch of the Japhetick, as the learned Bunsen shews.

In order to prove the impossibility of the negro being the descendant of Ham, that worthy and his posterity are exalted by Ariel to the highest pitch, so that the curse is transferred virtually to Shem and Japhet, they being made "servants of servants" to the illustrious Ham! "Ham—the maligned and slandered Ham—*governed and ruled the world* from the earliest ages after the flood, and for many centuries, and gave to it all the arts and sciences, manufactures and commerce, geometry, astronomy, geography, architecture, letters, painting, music, &c., &c.!!" Ham-All-ogy! We find even some Divines believers in this Ham-all-ogy, ascribing all the learning and wisdom of ancient Egypt to the children of Ham. It would be well for such to ponder the following facts: "There can be no doubt," says Robinson's Calmet, "that Egypt was *peopled from the East*. We find Egypt peopled in the days of Abraham, and governed also by a Pharaoh. There is reason to think that the posterity of Shem transmigrated into Egypt. Appearances indicate that the first Pharaohs of Egypt spoke the language of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph; and that Jehovah, the God of those Patriarchs, was not unknown to them."

The *Hyksos*, a warlike shepherd race, entered Egypt *from the East* about 2,100 Before Christ, overpowered the country, and held it for 511 years. In so long a period, how greatly must the character of the country have changed, under the dominion of a foreign race!—The learned Encyclopœdia of Herzog has this significant statement: "The primitive language of Mizraim is now fully supplanted by the Arabian, just as its people also, by a long-continued intermixture, and by a subjection of nearly 1,200 years, under a *second* Hyksos dominion, has become almost entirely Semitick." The language and the people of Ham almost entirely supplanted, in Egypt, by those of Shem!

So much for the Ethnology and Ham-all-ogy of Ariel. The negro cannot be the descendant of Ham, says he, for if he were, "he would be our social, political and religious equal." Are all the descendants of *Japhet* our social, political and religious equals?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HAVERSACK.

On the retreat from Dalton, and a few days after the death of General Polk, General Johnston walked out alone to the skirmish line, during a lull in the firing, in order to ascertain, as far as practicable, the position and strength of the enemy. He came upon two soldiers in such earnest conversation, that they did not hear his approach. One of them was a bronzed veteran of many a hard-fought field. The other was a raw recruit, one of the "new issue," as the phrase was. The veteran was laying down certain great principles in morals, and discoursed after this manner:

"Now, Jim, you've got some notions about serving your country, and thinking about nothing but your country. That's all well enough, but I tell you a fellow may as well look out a little for himself. Yesterday, I put my rifle to my shoulder and drew a bead on a Yankee, when I saw that he was too little, and his clothes would'nt fit me. So I waited till a fellow of about my own girth showed himself, when I took a sure aim upon him and *here's his boots!*"

The old reb's patriotism was about on a par with that of the loyal worshippers of the best Government the world ever saw. With all their love of country, they have managed "to look out a little for themselves," and have got in as Collectors, tax-gatherers, internal revenue kites, or vultures of the Freedmen's Bureau. The evidences of shoddy, but patriotic wealth by which they are surrounded, bring up the old reb's exclamation, "here's his boots," yea, and the booty too.

W——, of Harrisonburg, Va., was as brave and true a soldier, as he is an accomplished gentleman. But Nature has given him very long and slender legs and it was not always possible to get a pair of pants, in the Quartermaster's scanty supply, of sufficient length for these attenuated extremities. One day, he drew a pair of pants, which were two feet too short, and as he passed by a line of soldiers, they seemed to be a good deal attracted by the appearance of the protruding appendages. One fellow gazed so earnestly at the gallant W——, that he became offended, and said to the impertinent gazer,

"I hope that you will know me next time."

The man made no answer, and W—— stalked on indignantly, when he heard his tormentor remark,

"That must be a powerful brave man to venture out in the war on such a par (pair) of legs."

Rev. E. C——, near Washington, D. C., tells an incident of a retreat of the army of our Northern brethren, after one of the great disasters in Virginia. He heard a demoralized squad of blue coats recounting their adventures

and misadventures, when one of them said,

"Well, boys, there are only two persons on the earth or under the earth, I fear, and they are Stonewall Jackson and the Devil!"

We would say editorially, to the speaker on this interesting occasion, it is well that children do not always inherit the terrible qualities of their parents; otherwise you would have to fear Stevens, Stanton, Bingham, and many other legitimate sons of the numerous family of the latter individual, named above.

Soon after the firing upon, and driving back of the Star of the West, in Charleston Harbor, in 1861, two negroes were overheard talking about the event, in the cars between Branchville and Columbia.

Tom. Whar you bin, Jim?

Jim. Down dar in Charleston trowing up de fortification.

Tom. Was you dar, when dey bin fitin'?

Jim. Speck dis child was just thar, and no whar else. De Yankee ships, he come in monstrous, saucy like. Den our boys, dey shoots at 'em, when the big ship cut dirt and run. Ky, how he run!

Tom. Was you skeered, Jim, when dey was shootin' de big guns?

Jim. Skeered? Bless the Lord, no. *Dey was shootin' toder way!*

There are a great many brave people after the manner of poor Jim, when the shooting is the other way. The Jacobin rebels who never faced a Southern foe, are now fierce and warlike, when the shooting is all in their own hands, and no balls are thrown back.

The Rev. Mr. D., of Harrisonburg, Va., gives the next anecdote:

In the summer and fall of 1861, it was the misfortune of quite a number of young men, who wore the grey jacket, to be stationed for many weeks upon Valley Mountain in West Virginia. Nobody who was there can ever forget how the rain poured down day and night through all those dreary weeks, and how the only "tap" for the poor soldier was the water, which fell upon those everlasting hills. "Rations were scanty and corn meal the order of the day." Surgeon C., of the 21st Virginia regiment, was sitting at his tent door on one of those bleak, gloomy days, wondering if the rain would never cease, wondering if we would finally succeed in whipping the Yankees, when a Tennessee lieutenant came along looking the very picture of woe. Rumor said that the lieutenant was too fond of his cups, when at home, but here he was of necessity a member of a Total Abstinence Society. The Doctor, a wag in his way, and at all times ready and willing to beguile an idle hour with chat, calls in the lieutenant and enters into a conversation with him.—The subject uppermost in the minds of soldiers naturally came up, and the length of the war and its probable results were fully discussed.

"Well, lieutenant," said the surgeon, "after this much ex-

perience in the army, what do you think of war?"

The lieutenant looked out on the falling torrents, and visions of a cosy room at home, and decanters and glasses passed before him, heaving a deep sigh, he answered:

"I am no military man, doctor, and therefore am not able to express any opinion upon military matters, *but I regard the war as the most gigantic temperance movement the world ever saw!*"

An Ex-Chaplain, now residing at Shelbyville, Tennessee, gives the anecdote below:

On the campaign in West Virginia, the infantry were fond of cracking their jokes at the expense of the cavalry. They insinuated pretty plainly that the cavalry had to be brought on by degrees and gradually made accustomed to fire-arms by first poping caps, then putting in blank cartridges, and finally allowing balls to be slipped into their rifles.

Capt. N., now living in Winchester, Tennessee, tells how he was victimized by the infantry. He was riding by Donelson's Tennessee brigade of infantry with a long clanking sabre, when he was accosted by a little fellow in the ranks, who was carrying a knapsack almost as big as himself,

"Mister, I'm most dead toting this knapsack, it's powerful heavy, it is, Mister, *if you'll tote it for me, I'll let you pop one of my caps!*" B.

From Winchester, Va., we get an anecdote of one of the bravest men who ever breathed the breath of life:

THE EXILE'S ROMANCE.—There is no man, however practical and prosaic, who is not moved when he is brought face to face with some of the grand scenes of Nature. In proof of this, I will relate an actual occurrence. Two years ago, I visited Niagara Falls with a distinguished Confederate General, now an exile—one whose name would recall a hundred battle-fields. Now, though the General was a superb soldier, he had never been accused of poetry and romance, and I was curious to see what effect Dame Nature would have on his unromantic temperament. He and I went under the Falls to get a better view, and it was while impressed by the sublime spectacle there presented that I watched him most particularly. For five minutes neither of us spoke. The romance in the General's nature had been stirred up at last. He stood silent and thoughtful, his eyes beaming with lustre as they used to beam in the days of battle; his whole soul seemed to drink in the glorious picture. Suddenly, above the roar of the Falls, I heard his shrill voice, "Oh that that old water-fall could be turned over to the other side and sweep off the whole Yankee Nation.—What a blessing for humanity it would be!" T.

It seems from this anecdote that nature inspires men in different ways, but we still see the truth of the maxim, "the ruling passion strong in death."

Many of our Trans-Mississippi

readers have never heard the anecdote of General Milroy, U. S. A., and John Arnold's cow, and we therefore repeat it, though it has often been told, and rather because it is necessary to the full understanding of a recent adventure of the same distinguished soldier.

While the notorious General was in command, at Winchester, Va., he issued an order for the seizure of rebel hay, fodder, corn, &c. A party of soldiers came to carry off a small hay rick, belonging to one John Arnold, a poor man, but true as steel in his love for the South. His daughter went to Milroy to beg for the hay. That chivalrous soldier answered.

"You shall not have it, unless your father will take the oath."

"That he won't do," replied the spirited girl. The colloquy took something of the following form:

Gen. Milroy, U. S. A. "Take the oath and keep the hay."

Miss Arnold. "Can't take the oath and the cow will starve this winter without the hay."

Gen. Milroy, U. S. A. "Let her starve, the rebellion must be suppressed."

Miss Arnold. "Well, General, if you expect to suppress the rebellion, by starving John Arnold's cow, you may, and be hanged to you!"

The great soldier took, as his head-quarters, in Winchester, the elegant mansion of Mr. Logan, and during his occupation, Mr. Logan's spoons and piano disappeared in a mysterious manner. The man of much booty, however, was roused up one morning with the pleasant intelligence that Ewell and Early were upon him. Mounting a swift horse, he retired with something like the speed of Schenck, from Vienna, or Lew. Wallace from the Monocacy. Years rolled by, John Arnold's cow lived, but the rebellion died. Milroy returned to the scene of his former glory, but the piano and the spoons returned not. Milroy, the great military chieftain, thought he would become Milroy the great orator and statesman, and he made a speech to the people of Winchester, advising them to accept the mild, just, and equitable measures of Reconstruction proposed by the patriotic Congress of the best Government the world ever saw. The people of Winchester came to hear Milroy, and Milroy was compelled to hear the people of Winchester. The speech had some interruptions and comical interludes.

Milroy. "I am more accustomed to fight than to speak."

1st Auditor. "Where's Ewell."

2nd Auditor. "Hurry up, General, Early is coming."

Milroy. "Congress in its wisdom has proposed certain measures as conditions precedent to your restoration to the glorious Union."

3rd Auditor. "What measures has Congress taken about John Arnold's cow?"

4th Auditor. "What measures for the restoration of Mr. Logan's piano?"

5th Auditor. "Has Congress said anything about restoring Mr. Logan's spoons?"

Amid pleasant inquiries of this

sort the noble Milroy struggled on. The rattle of squibs around him, however, *did* tell upon his nerves. He would raise both hands above him and atttempt to articulate, but no words would come. At length a broadside came, which brought him down as well as the house. An Irishman, on the extreme edge of the crowd, cried out in a clear, distinct voice, which was heard above the uproar, "faith, Giner-al, we've had enough of yer spaach, now bring out Mrs. Logan's piano and play us a tune!"

Maj. G., of Staunton, Virginia, gives an anecdote of Stonewall Jackson:

After the first battle of Fredericksburg, the General was riding with one of his Division commanders past an encampment at Corbin's Neck. The weather was horrible, and the men, without tents and with but few blankets, were stretched upon the ground, trying to keep warm before the log fires. The General's companion was deeply impressed with the suffering of the soldiers, and said with much feeling, "poor devils, poor devils." General J. instantly correcting him, said, "call them suffering angels."

This was the opinion held of the Southern soldiery by Jackson, the man of prayer. Butler, the man of spoons, and the old negro-traders of the South, call them traitors.

The sister of a distinguished cavalry general sends us the following anecdote from Vicksburg:

After the fall of New Orleans my brother-in-law and family found a refuge in Jackson, Miss., where, purchasing a cottage in the suburbs, he made an effort to surround his family with the comforts of home, and to be in a measure self-subsistent, provided himself with cows, horses, poultry, &c. Feeling the war was to be of some duration, he also purchased supplies which he hoped to last him for a year or two.—Quietly settled there, of course one of the most intense anxieties was to learn "the news." Every day the newspapers were eagerly devoured, or refugees questioned by the ladies of the family; and the outrages of the yankees, the burning and sacking of houses, the equipping themselves in ladies' clothing, tearing and destroying children's and babies' clothes were recapitulated to my brother-in-law. He being a man full of chivalry and tenderness towards women and children listened, but with an evidently doubting spirit, or would sometimes laugh at our credulity. But at last, on that memorable 14th of May, 1863, Gen. Grant made his appearance, with his army, at Jackson. Believing, as did almost every one, that it must be a mistake, that the yankees were not coming to Jackson, my brother-in-law remained until the lest moment, until shell were falling almost in the yard, when, being just outside our fortifications, he had to hurry his family into the carriage, in a hard rain, and leaving everything, took refuge in town, where there was at least safety from shot and shell. Three days afterwards, when the yankees had finished their work of

burning and pilfering, and set their faces towards Vicksburg, my brother-in-law went out to look and see what was left to him. Not a vestige of any thing movable remained; his wife's and children's clothes were gone or torn into ribbons, the house was stripped, the provisions gone, except half a barrel of sugar, which was polluted by them. An old negro man, who remained faithful, reported they had several times set fire to the house, which he extinguished; they had washed their feet over the cisterns, letting the water run into them, and killed every living thing except one hen, which had escaped by hiding in the grass, and about fifteen chickens of from a week or two to a few days old, which were the remains of a hundred and fifty of the same ages. These were all trying to follow the old hen, who, under the circumstances, must have had a yankee cross in her, as she was pecking at them, while they were shying around with a truly orphan air. As he looked around upon the desolation I asked him what he thought of the yankees now? He gave a glance around and said, "I don't believe there is a man living *damned enough liar to tell the truth about them!*"

EDITORIAL.

THE English satirist called the Radical of the French Revolution monkey-tiger—at one moment engaged in fantastic tricks and the next lapping up blood like water. The epithet was eminently applicable to the Jacobin of France, but may be applied with still more pertinence to the Jacobin of America. The French Jacobin drank toasts and sang songs in honor of liberty, equality and fraternity, and then ordered a few hundred thousands to be shot, a few hundred thousands to be drowned, and a few hundred thousands to be beheaded. The American Jacobin sings songs about John Brown's soul, and is as playful as a young ape, till the time comes for decreeing the utter ruin of ten States, and the lingering death of four millions of negroes. The war shut us off from a practical acquaintance with the American Jacobin, during the administration of the man, who went to Washington's bosom from Ford's Theatre, but we learn that the American Jacobin, for all that period, was alternately engaged in murder and monkey tricks.—He could be seen with pious care draping church—steeple and pulpit—with the beautiful "flag of the nation," and then with soft step and humble mien, he would ascend the ornamented pulpit and pray to a God of mercy to afflict the South until husband and father could see despair in the eyes of his wife and hear the wail of starvation from the lips of his children. At one time, in a play-

ful mood, he would insert secular songs in hymn books and political speeches in volumes of prayers; then he would incite to house-burning, pillage and plundering, and even to starving prisoners.—The monkey and tiger were so equally divided in his nature that it was impossible to say whether the Jacobin did more foolish things or more wicked ones. But it was always noticeable that his fun and his jokes ended invariably in blood.

There is, since the war, the same nice adjustment of monkey and tiger in the Jacobin rebel of America. With inimitable humor, he declares that life and property are insecure in the South. So far the monkey. But this "little joke" is accompanied with certain measures which to execute requires the ferocity of the tiger rending his victim. One of the monkey tricks to amuse the public is a heavy appropriation for a burial corps, whose duty it is to provide suitable coffins, graves and head boards for the Irish, German, English, French, Spanish, Italian, Indian and African soldiers, who gave their lives "to save the life of the nation." But while this patriotic clap-trap deceives no one, and only suggests that these men need not have died, and would not have died, had the monkey-tiger never lived, there are thousands who remember the tiger-cruelty of forbidding any record to be kept of Confederate graves at Baltimore, so that their friends might never reclaim their dust.

The same curious blending of monkey and tiger seems to characterize all the acts of the Jacobin rebels. Childish frolic is followed by blood-thirsty acts. Puerile, undignified amusement is the prelude to the most fiendish acts of oppression. Thus the frivolous, absurd charges trumped up against the President appears to be only the fun of a set of half-grown boys, but they meant the overthrow of the Government of our fathers, and the striking down of two of the coördinate departments of the Federal system. Thus we fancy we hear the hand-organ playing, and see the monkey dancing and picking up coppers, when the Chicago Convention playfully and jocosely says, "this Convention declares its sympathy with all the oppressed people, who are struggling for their rights!!" It is a rich and racy joke, and was doubtless hugely enjoyed by the humorous gentlemen, who perpetrated it. But we see the crouching tiger gnashing his teeth, as well as the monkey dancing round the hand-organ. This sympathy with the oppressed means Freedmen's Bureau and its swarm of unclean animals.—It means degradation of the white race and exaltation of the black. It means military domination, garrisons of soldiers every where, unequal taxation, favoring the rich and grinding the poor. It means the persecution for all time of as brave and as noble a people as the sun ever shone upon. It means the turning into a wilderness the fairest portion of the land. It means the total destruction of all the products of the South, upon which the prosperity of the whole nation depends.—

It means the erection of a huge centralized despotism, which shall dictate to the people what religious worship they shall observe, what amusements they shall enjoy, what food they shall eat, what clothing they shall wear, and what fluids they shall drink. It means intolerance in all things, crushing out all semblance of opposition in speech and thought to "the party of great moral ideas."

These immaculate men are just now in a sad strait. They have been tinkering at the work of reconstruction for three years, when it could have been accomplished in a day, by justice and magnanimity. Now when the grand work has been accomplished, they do not know whether to approve or condemn their own labor of three years. They are doubtful whether they can trust the negroes, still more doubtful whether they can trust the old nullifiers and negro-traders, who manipulated the loyal Conventions.—These old rebels betrayed the loyal North, then they betrayed the rebellious South, then they betrayed Mr. Johnson, who gave them posts of trust and honor. May they not betray the saints next fall, when the Democracy will be sweeping everything before them. Ah! there is danger, there is danger!

Another thing, too, is alarming. The Constitutions framed in these Fetich Conventions, by negro-traders, bankrupts, swindlers, and adventurers, have in all of them an element of repudiation. They show plainly the *animus* of the loyal men of the South, and it is not a very amiable one in the eyes of the loyal North. The beginning of repudiation will be like the letting out of the great waters—a small leak at first, but soon overwhelming the whole land in a sweeping flood. Let it once start in the South, and the payment of the national debt will be the easiest job imaginable. The Jacobin rebels have had their fun over the negro orgies at the South. The hand-organ played, and the monkeys danced. With profound gratitude to the Author of all good, we venture to predict that the tiger part of the play will never take place. The great Democratic party has looked on with profound disgust at the farce. It will step in and forbid the tragedy.

It is impossible for the Editor of this Magazine to have a newspaper controversy of a personal character, with Mr. E. A. Pollard, however ardently he may desire the distinction of being thus noticed. The *author* of a pretended history could be exposed in these columns without impropriety, but it would be undignified to allude to the *man*. The February number, which pointed out the blunders, misrepresentations, and slanders of the so-called history of Mr. E. A. Pollard, contained no personalities about that individual himself, save that having occupied a bomb-proof during the war, and never having seen a battle-field, he was an unfit person to describe all the hundreds of battle-fields of the war. He has replied to this number in a very scurrilous arti-

cle in the New York *News*, full of personalities as gross as they are untrue. If he were as well known everywhere as he is in his native State, and especially in Richmond, where he has longest resided, it would be useless to repel his slanders, his own character does that sufficiently. But as he is not thus well-known, it may be proper to show how very unscrupulous he is in private matters, that the world may see how wholly unfit he is to play the part of the historian.

In this article, Mr. E. A. Pollard says: "But seriously, no one knew better than D. H. Hill, at whose procurement, and from whose affectionate supplies of information the writer consented to make a memoir of his deeds, and include it in his book, (Lee and His Lieutenants.) Until these persuasions, he had decided to omit the hero of Bethel from his list of biographies."

Now, Mr. E. A. Pollard *knew* that this was wholly untrue. He first sent me a circular asking information about my early life, and of the battles I had been in, &c. I did not notice the circular at all. He then wrote himself, repeating the substance of the circular, and urging me to give the desired information. To this letter, I replied, declining to give him any incidents in my life, and politely, but firmly forbidding him to incorporate my biography in his "Lee and His Lieutenants."—Nor did I, for a single moment, suspect that it was there until after the publication of the book. The pretended historian, who is so regardless of truth in matters of personal, and therefore, subordinate, importance, is not to be entrusted with the momentous interests of a nation. The Confederacy deserves to have a man of truth as her annalist.

Spite of the "affectionate supplies of information" given to Mr. E. A. Pollard, he calls me a "female school-master." This was intended as a disparagement and an insinuation that there was something unmanly in the calling of a teacher, though he knows very well that Stonewall Jackson, Rodes, and very many of the bravest officers in both armies had made teaching their vocation. My self-constituted biographer ought to have known too, that my connection with a school was with the one, over which Lee now presides, and that I was never a teacher in a primary school, whether male or female. However, as Lee, Meade and Stonewall Jackson have been associated with schools *in time of peace*, the world will hereafter regard the position of a teacher as honorable as the bomb-proof, which Mr. E. A. Pollard occupied *in time of war*.

In one sense of the word, Mr. E. A. Pollard has received from me "abundant supplies of information." As Editor of THE LAND WE LOVE, I have collected sketches of Confederate Generals, and numerous anecdotes and incidents of the war, which Mr. E. A. Pollard has appropriated bodily, article after article, page by page, word for word, without asking my permission, without quotation marks and without any acknowledgment whatever, of

the source from which he got them!! If the supplies have not been "affectionate," the appropriation of them has at least been so!

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* and Louisville *Courier* exposed Mr. E. A. Pollard's gross plagiarism from Duke's "Life of Morgan." Colonel Henry K. Douglass exposed a like theft of an article of his in the *Old Guard*. But the most stupendous, wholesale plagiarism, ever perpetrated in the literary annals of the world, is the stealing of Mr. E. A. Pollard from THE LAND WE LOVE. It is monstrous, and unprecedented in the vast amount stolen, monstrous and unprecedented in the shameless and bare-faced manner in which it has been done. Let the reader compare the sketches in THE LAND WE LOVE, of Polk, A. P. Hill, Cleburne, and Price, with the same in "Lee and His Lieutenants," and then let him notice that all the anecdotes of Lee, Early, &c., have been taken out of the *Haversack* of THE LAND WE LOVE, and he will form some idea of the character of Mr. E. A. Pollard. The question is submitted to the candid reader whether the man, who is so unscrupulous in regard to taking that which belongs to another, would have any hesitation about misrepresenting the facts of history. It is the more unpardonable, because committed by the man, who had so grossly slandered me in his pretended history. It is adding theft of property to attempted theft of character.

In "Lee and His Lieutenants," and in this article in the *News*, Mr. E. A. Pollard sneers at my literary claims. However mortifying this unfavorable opinion of the great plagiarist may be to my self-love, I will frankly forgive him, if he will only promise not to borrow any more from my literary productions.

Mr. E. A. Pollard bravely says of himself "as to any personal care in the matter, he has never feared critical attacks, with pistols or without pistols. Wise or otherwise," &c. The world has never been disposed to honor the man, who boasts of his own courage. I have been in two wars and in as many engagements as Mr. E. A. Pollard has years upon his head, and yet I have never felt that I had any right to boast of that quality. Still, I have had grace given me to stay under fire till each fight had closed, while my observation was that the few bullies and braggadocios in the army left just before or just after the firing began. Most of this class, however, got into bomb-proofs and never heard the whistle of a ball, contenting themselves with growling and barking at all, who were going to the front.

Mr. E. A. Pollard frankly acknowledges that he *writes* for money. No fair-minded man can object to this. The objection is that he *slanders* for money, that he has produced a book, which Confederate officers of every grade, from the highest to the lowest, and Confederate soldiers of every arm of the service, have pronounced a libel upon history.—Mr. E. A. Pollard cannot name a

single respectable Confederate, who will declare that the book is worth the paper upon which it is written. But nothing can be said by any one half so damaging as the acknowledgment made by Mr. E. A Pollard himself that it was produced in five months.—The editorials of the Richmond *Examiner* were pasted together with the sensational letters of army correspondents, and the medley was called the history of the "Lost Cause!"

But to the matter in dispute. Mr. E. A. Pollard stated in his pretended history that a dispatch from Gen. Lee at Frederick, Md., and directed to me was thrown down by me in a fit of passion and thus fell into the hands of McClellan. I pronounced the allegation a slander and demanded proof from an eye-witness. So dramatic an incident must have been seen by some one, or else it could not have been reported without making up a fabrication from beginning to end. Any Court of Justice in the world would pronounce the allegation a slander, if it was not proved by an *eye-witness*. Now what proof does Mr. E. A. Pollard bring up? He quotes from an English book and an English magazine! Whether he quotes correctly or not I do not know. This is all upon which to base as gross a slander as ever was uttered! Did the writer in the book or in the magazine witness this petulant act of throwing down the dispatch? No, they got it from American sources, of course,—from the sensational army correspondents or from Mr. E. A. Pollard in his bomb-proof at Richmond.

I deny that I threw down Lee's dispatch and demand the proof of an *eye-witness*. I could, with as much justice, be charged with being engaged in the John Brown raid.

The matter, however, need not rest upon a simple denial. The Adjutant of my Division, Maj. J. W. Ratchford, makes oath that no order came to us at Frederick from Lee direct. This living witness ought to know as much about the matter as Mr. E. A. Pollard or the English writers.

Gen. McClellan states that a dispatch from Lee and directed to me was found near Frederick.—There is no doubt whatever of the truth of the statement. But I deny that it was thrown down by me in a fit of passion, or that it was lost by my carelessness, and I demand the proof for either of these allegations.

In the article referred to I had occasion to expose either the ignorance or prejudice of the pretended historian. I showed that he had omitted to mention my Division at Cold Harbor though it was one of the four heavily engaged, and there were but four. I showed that at Seven Pines, he gave Longstreet the credit of taking Casey's works, when my Division did it, and Longstreet had not a single man engaged. I showed a flat contradiction of Lee's Report of Malvern Hill and a suppression of a part of Lee's Report of Sharpsburg. I showed that he had falsely charged me with contumacious conduct at McLe More Cove and the proof

was a statement from that peerless soldier, P. R. Cleburne. The story was a sheer fabrication out and out, and I appeal with confidence to Bragg, Buckner, Hindman, any and all of the Army of Tennessee that it was never heard of till Mr. E. A. Pollard's book came out.

It is idle to attempt to follow up so unscrupulous a man in any new slanders that he may put out. His last one is of misconduct, at Chickamauga. He *knows* that this is untrue.

One more specimen of his utter unscrupulousness, and I am done. He says that I attribute his unfairness to jealousy of North Carolina troops. There is not the slightest hint or intimation of such a thing in my article! The division, whose services Mr. E. A. Pollard ignored, was composed of troops from Virginia, Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, and North Carolina. My corps had not a single North Carolina regiment in it! Mr. E. A. Pollard has taken the trouble to make a statement, which is foolish, as well as untrue. I will not attempt to keep up with his future slanders. He may next connect me with the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. I feel sure that he is harmless, however malignant. The American people will not respect the zealous advocate of the war, who crept into a bomb-proof when the bullets began to fly, snarled and snapped while there, alternately at Mr. Davis and Mr. Lincoln, at Confederates and Federals, and then crawled out when the firing was over, to make money, by stealing the property and defaming the character of Confederate soldiers.

BOOK NOTICES.

ANTE BELLUM. SOUTHERN LIFE AS IT WAS. By Mary Lennox. Published by J. P. Lippincott & Co. Philadelphia:

This volume is gotten up in Lippincott's usually beautiful style, and the contents are free from all immoral *isms*.

THE EMPLOYMENTS OF WOMEN. A CYCLOPEDIA OF WOMAN'S WORK. By Virginia Penny. Walker, Wise & Co. Boston:

This book supplies a want which has been felt for a long time.

It seems sad to think that women should ever be compelled to earn their own living. God made one sex physically strong—the other weak—but here, as in other things, extremes meet. In barbarous nations, women are almost on a level with beasts of burden—in those cities, such as Paris, which boast of the highest degree of civilization, the condition of women, *en masse*, is scarcely any better. It is not a law of Nature that women should "eat bread in the sweat of her brow"—that curse was only pronounced upon man.

But the cry for "work," comes

from all parts of this once happy land. "Give us work or we perish," is the heart-rending wail which arises from the homesteads of the South, where plenty once reigned. The husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons lie in the graves to which they were sent by their *dear* brothers of the North, and the broken-hearted widows and orphaned children must struggle for existence. We can only endeavor to assist them in the struggle, and comfort them with the thought that it is better to be Abel than Cain. At the South, agricultural pursuits engrossed the greater portion of the population, and now, in the present condition of things, there is neither agriculture nor manufactures suitable for the feeble strength of women and children. Still, there are some articles which can be manufactured at home, with a little instruction, and which, although the profits be small, will keep the wolf from the door. Straw plaiting, for instance, is light and easy work, and Virginia Penny tells us that "in 1855, 6,000,000 straw hats were made in Massachusetts, giving employment to *ten thousand of her people.*" Rye straw is the kind generally used. It is cut, soaked in water and dried. The plaiting is mostly done in farmers' families. Philadelphia is said to spend $6,000,000 annually in the manufacture of straw goods. Some of the straw plaiters earn from $4 to $5 a week. They work at home.

The manufacture of willow ware,—baskets, &c., is another occupation suitable for women and children. For the finer kinds of basket work, some practice, and a set of tools will be necessary. The tools cost $5, and will last a life-time.

Willow grows abundantly in many portions of the South, and baskets, &c., of all kinds command a much higher price than at the North. "A German woman asked $1.50 for a basket she had paid fifty cents for making—at that rate her profits were considerable. I met a German boy, with baskets, who said he could make from 75 cents to $1 a day by his work."

Virginia Penny calls attention to another branch of industry which might suit Southern women—bee culture. She says "most of the honey used in the United States, is collected in the South. In keeping bees, there is no expense. The hives can easily be made at home, or purchased at a comparative trifle. Their food they seek themselves. In many of the rural districts of England, the bee mistresses earn a living by selling honey. A new species of bee that build in trees instead of hives is about to be introduced by Government from Paraguay."

Canning fruit, and making preserves and pickles, for sale, is another profitable branch of female industry. An extensive public manufacturer writes to our authoress, "I employ women in packing pickles and all goods of this kind into glass—making jellies, jams, &c., bottling syrups, &c. The employment is *healthy*—so much so, that I have known invalids to regain their health." This may be accounted for in the same manner that the well known sugar house cure is—the fumes of the boiling jellies, syrups, &c., resembling those of the sugar house.

Virginia Penny deserves the gratitude of the public for this suggestive book.

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In connection with our place is the well known Art Establishment of Messrs. Butler & Perrigo, whose Gallery of Paintings and stock of Engravings, &c., on Free Exhibition, are well worth a Visit.

July—3m*

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Greatest variety, best quality and largest assortment in the city.

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July—3m*

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SIEVES, FENDERS, CAGES, SCREENS, WIRE CLOTH;

Also

IRON BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, SETTEES, &C.

July—3m*

RHODES' STANDARD MANURES.

Rhodes' Standard Superphosphate,

The old and long established STANDARD MANURE.

RHODES' AMMONIATED SUPERPHOSPHATE,

Prepared for those who are not disposed to combine themselves.

RHODES' TOBACCO MANURE.

Rhodes' Manures, in their preparation, are made equally adapted for forcing large crops of Cotton, Corn, Wheat, Tobacco, Potatoes and other Root Crops.

The Manufacturing Department is conducted by Frederick Klett, one of the most skillful Chemists and Manufacturers in the United States.

They are endorsed, approved and recommended by all the most prominent Chemists and Agriculturalists in the Southern States.

They can be relied on as uniform in quality: always reliable, productive of large crops and unexcelled by any in the market in the high percentage of TRUE FERTILIZING PRINCIPLES.

TERMS:

$55 per ton, cash, bags or barrels. Time sales can be arranged with city acceptance. The usual discount of the market allowed dealers.

B. M. RHODES & CO.,
Office No. 82 South Street, Baltimore, Md.

July—1y.

WIRE RAILING

For enclosing Cemetery Lots, Cottages, Public Grounds, &c.

WIRE GUARDS
For Store Fronts, Asylums, Factories, &c.

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For Hospitals, Asylums, &c,

IRON HURDLEFENCE, WIRE WEBBING
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WIRE CLOTH, RICE CLOTH
and every variety of **Ornamental Wire Work.**

Every information by addressing the manufacturers.

M. WALKER & SONS,
No. 11 North 6th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

July—3m*

VALLEY FEMALE SEMINARY.

WINCHESTER, VA.

MRS. ANNE E. T. MAGILL, Principal.

THE next session of this Institution will begin the **First Monday in September, 1868.**

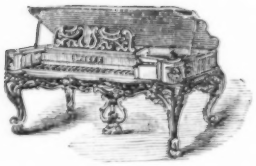
The Principal will be assisted by a corps of ten competent and experienced teachers. The Buildings are beautifully located with extensive grounds.

For catalogues containing terms and particulars, address

MRS. ANNE E. T. MAGILL.

REFERENCES: Faculty of the University of Va., Gen. D. H. Hill, Charlotte, N. C., Hon. R. Y. Conrad, Judge R. Parker, Rev. J. R. Graham, Rev. W. C. Meredith, H. H. McGuire, M. D., Winchester Va., Rt. Rev. John Johns, Bishop of Va., Hon. J. R. Tucker, Middleburg, Va., Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, Essex, Va., Hon. Andrew Hunter, Charlestown, W. Va., Rev. M. D. Hoge, Richmond, Va.

July—3m

PIANOS.  PIANOS.

CHARLES M. STIEFF,

MANUFACTURER OF

Gold Medal, Grand and Square Pianos.

FACTORIES 84 *and* 86, *CAMDEN STREET,*
and 45 *and* 47, *PERRY STREET,*

OPPOSITE THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Office and Wareroom, No. 7, *N. Liberty-St., above Baltimore-St., Baltimore, Maryland.*

A Gold Medal was awarded to CHARLES M. STIEFF, for 1867, by the Maryland Institute (Baltimore, Maryland) for PIANOS, in competition with New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore Pianos.

STIEFF'S PIANOS have all the latest improvements, including the Agraffe-treble, Ivory fronts, and the improved French Action, full warranted for five years, with the privilege of exchange within twelve months, if not entirely satisfactory to the purchasers.

References who are using Stieff's Pianos.

General Robert E. Lee, - - - -	Lexington, Va.
General Robert Ransom, - - -	Wilmington, N. C.
General D. H. Hill, - - - -	Charlotte, "
Messrs. R. Burwell & Son, - - -	" "
Professor Bauman, - - - -	" "
Rev. C. B. Riddick, - - - -	Kittrell's Springs, "
Misses Nash and Kollock, - - -	Hillsboro', "
Wm. J. Palmer, Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institute,	Raleigh, N. C.
J. C. Covel, - - - - -	Staunton, Va.

A CALL IS SOLICITED.

TERMS LIBERAL.

July—1yr

WILSON, COLSTON & CO.,

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BALTIMORE, MD.,

Buy and sell all Southern Securities, State, City and Railroad; also BANK NOTES, and transact a General Banking business in all its branches.

Orders by mail from country correspondents promptly and faithfully executed.

July—6m*

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MANUFACTURER OF

CABINET FURNITURE,

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Chamber, Parlor, Library and Dining Setts constantly on hand and made to order.

July—6m*

WILLIAM DEVRIES & CO.,

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Foreign and Domestic

DRY GOODS,

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William Devries,
Christian Devries, of S.
William R. Devries,
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G. Ephraim Ducker.
July—3m*

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ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.,

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SILK AND STRAW GOODS,

237 and 239 Baltimore Street,

Baltimore, Maryland,

July—3m*

J. Willcox Brown, R. A. Lancaster, P. J. Wright,
J. L. Williams, C. D. Lowndes.

BROWN, LANCASTER & CO.,

Stock and Note Brokers,

NO. 30 SOUTH STREET, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.,

Pay Special Attention to the Purchase and Sale of Southern Securities, and the Negotiation of Loans. Collections on all Southern Points made at Lowest Rates.

LANCASTER & CO., Bankers, Richmond, Va.

July—3m*

STEAM MARBLE WORKS.

BEVAN & SONS,

DEALERS IN

AMERICAN AND FOREIGN MARBLE,

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Baltimore, Md.

July—3m*

SHIPLEY, ROANE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF

CLOTHING,

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Daniel E. Shipley,
Henry W. Roane,
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July—3m*

R. Q. TAYLOR,

OPPOSITE BARNUM'S HOTEL, BALTIMORE,

IMPORTER,

HATS, FURS, UMBRELLAS,

WM. W. PRETZMAN. G. E. S. LANSDOWNE.

July—3m*

WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

OF

Baltimore, Maryland,

FEBRUARY 22d, 1868.

At a meeting of the graduating class of the **Washington University of Baltimore** held at the College on February 22, 1868, Mr. H. G. Thomas, President of the class, presiding, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

1. *Resolved*, That having attended courses of lectures in various medical colleges of the country, and thereby enjoyed peculiar opportunities for forming a correct opinion in regard to the advantages presented by the Washington University of Baltimore, we have no hesitation in declaring that the *course of instruction* given in this institution; and the *clinical facilities* presented by it have not only been highly satisfactory to us, but compare most favorably with those of any medical college in the country.

2nd. *Resolved*, That we hereby tender our most hearty thanks to the members of the Faculty of Washington University, individually and collectively, alike for the thorough and satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their duties as Professors, and for the courtesy and kindness with which they have treated us on all occasions.

3rd. *Resolved*, That we most cordially and emphatically recommend the young men of the South, to patronize the Washington University, assuring them, that they will find its Professors, not only able teachers, but true friends.

4th. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the Faculty, with a request that they be inserted in the Annual Catalogue of the College, and that copies of the same be sent to the leading newspapers, of the country, for publication.

J. W. CALDWELL, Kentucky,
J. P. PAYNE, Virginia,
V. N. SEAWELL, North Carolina,
GEO. D. GRAY, Arkansas,
J. W. KING, South Carolina,
JAMES T. WILHELM, Maryland,
R. M. REESE, Tennessee,
J. B. VERNON, Alabama,
J. THAD. JOHNSTON, Georgia,
R. S. TOOMBS, Mississippi,

COMMITTEE.

July—

THE BALTIMORE

WEEKLY GAZETTE

FOR 1868.

—o—

THE Northern Radical journals, in view of the approaching Presidential struggle, are making every effort to extend their circulation in the South, and to flood the country with Radical falsehoods, in order to lay a foundation for Radical frauds. With a view of combating as far as possible these mischievous agents, the WEEKLY GAZETTE has been established. It undertakes to represent the true wants and feelings of the South, and to resent her wrongs. It is the largest cosmopolitan journal published South of New York, and has already, within a few weeks, obtained subscribers in some three hundred Southern towns and villages. In the hope of accomplishing some good during the Presidential campaign, we offer the WEEKLY GAZETTE, in packages of fifty copies, to any one address, for $60. For single copies and clubs mailed to names of subscribers, our terms are :

One Copy for One Year.....$2.00
One Copy for Six Months..... 1.00
Five Copies, One Year, and one copy extra to getter up of Club..... 9.00
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Twenty Copies, and one copy extra to getter up of Club,.....27.00

Address

Gazette Office, Baltimore,

April 6m. MARYLAND.

THE JEFFERSON MEDICAL COLLEGE,

1868 OF 1868

PHILADELPHIA.

THE Forty-fourth Winter Session of Lectures will commence on Monday, October 12th, with a General Introductory by Professor Pancoast. The regular Course will begin the day after. The Session will terminate on the 28th day of February, 1869.

FACULTY.

CHARLES D. MEIGS, M. D., Emeritus Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
ROBLEY DUNGLISON, M. D., Emeritus Prof. of Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.

JOSEPH PANCOAST, M. D., Prof. of General Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.
S. D. GROSS, M. D., Prof. of Institutes and Practice of Surgery.
SAM'L. HENRY DICKSON, M. D., Prof. of Practice of Medicine.
ELLERSLIE WALLACE, M. D., Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
B. HOWARD RAND, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry.
JOHN B. BIDDLE, M. D., Prof. of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
J. AITKEN MEIGS, M. D., Prof. of Institutes of Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence.

J. M. DACOSTA, M. D., Lecturer on Clinical Medicine.
WM. HENRY PANCOAST, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy.

To enlarge the already abundant opportunities for Clinical Instruction, a Clinic will be held daily at the College; the Surgical Department being conducted by Professors Gross and Pancoast; the Obstetrical by Prof. Wallace; and the Medical by Dr. J. M. DaCosta.

The Lectures are so arranged as to permit the Student to attend the Clinics of the Pennsylvania Hospital and of the Philadelphia Hospital.

The Summer Course, which began in April, and is conducted by members of the Faculty, in Conjunction with others, will be resumed in September, after the recess of July and August, and continued until some time in October.

FEES.—To each member of the Faculty, as in all the Schools of Philadelphia and New York, $20—in all $140.

Matriculation fee—paid only once—$5. Graduation fee, $30

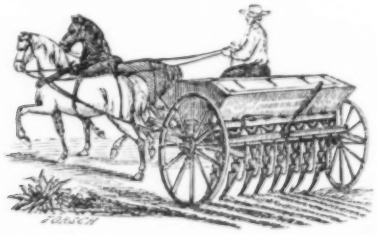
Matriculants of Last Session, 353. Graduates, 159.

SAM'L. HENRY DICKSON, M. D.,

Dean of the Faculty.

July—1m

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S GRAIN DRILL,



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OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

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The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions on a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN.

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Dec—1867—1y*

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June—3m.

THE NEW ECLECTIC,

A MAGAZINE OF

SELECTED, FOREIGN AND AMERICAN LIRERATURE,

Published Monthly by TURNBULL & MURDOCH,

AT $4.00 PER ANNUM.

—o—

The publication of *The New Eclectic* was commenced with January, 1868. It has met with such immediate and flattering recognition throughout the whole country, that the Publishers feel a degree of confidence in recommending it to more extended favor.

In order to maintain a high standard of excellence, which will require a liberal outlay of money, the publishers are anxious to increase the circulation of *The New Eclectic*, and to this end offer the following liberal inducements:

Each new subscriber prepaying four dollars will be furnished with any single American or European Periodical, or a copy of any standard work, the advertised subscription of which does not exceed six dollars, at fifteen per cent discount.

To friends who will act as canvassers, seventy-five cents will be allowed for every prepaid new subscriber procured for us. Where preferred, one year's subscription will be given for five prepaid new subscribers.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be given to the person sending us the largest number of new subscribers during the year 1868, in addition to the seventy-five cents allowed for each name.

A sample copy of the Magazine will be sent to any address for twenty-five cents, upon application, and any inquiries promptly answered by letter.

—o—

All labors in our behalf will be most gratefully acknowledged, and we believe any such assistance will promote the general cause of sound periodical literature.

TURNBULL & MURDOCH, Publishers,

Baltimore, Md.

April—1m—c. p. y.

ROCKBRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS,

VIRGINIA.

FIVE MILES SOUTH OF VIRGINIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

These mineral waters have an established reputation for very high curative virtue in all the following classes of disease, and as being a specific in several of them, viz: *Scrofula*, and all forms of glandular swellings and cutaneous disease, Erysipelas, Tetter, Eczema, etc. *Chronic Diarrhœa* and *Dysentery*, *Dyspepsia*, *Bronchitis*, *Chronic Thrush*, Affections of the *Kidneys* and *Bladder*, *Dropsy* and *Piles;* and, in connection with the hot bath, *Chronic Rheumatism*.

In all anœmic conditions of the system and broken down states of the constitution, loss of Appetite and general Nervous Prostration, their powers and virtue as a Restorative, may be safely pronounced to be *without a known rival* amongst the mineral waters of the world.

They are *especially indicated* in the whole class of ailments peculiar to the Female constitution.

The Springs' Pamphlet, containing Analysis by Dr. Hayes, of Boston, with letters of Dr. Cartwright, of New Orleans; Prof. Cabell, University of Virginia; Drs. Moorman & Graham, of Va.; Dr. Thomas, College of Physicians and Surgeons; and Dr. Emmett, of N. Y., and many other distinguished men of the clergy and other professions, very abundantly attest what is here said of these waters. It can be had of Hegeman & Co., N. Y.; John Wyeth & Bro., Philadelphia; Coleman & Rogers, Baltimore; Purcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond, and leading druggists generally, who sell the bottled water fresh from the Springs; also the *salts* of the water obtained by evaporation.

These Springs are open to the public *as a watering place*, from June 1 to October 1 of each year. They are delightfully situated in the grand mountain region of Virginia, and being very accessible by rail and a short ride by stage, coach or omnibus—they have become a favorite and popular resort. Distance from Richmond *eleven*, and from Washington city *twelve* hours.

The Proprietors while endeavoring to make the place thoroughly attractive to those in quest of recreation, *aim also to give special attention to the comfort of the invalid.*

The Springs are in the same county with the celebrated "Natural Bridge," of Virginia, which has given name to the county, and is an object of great interest to the visitors. One of the best Military Bands of Baltimore, will lend the attractions of Music to Lawn and Ball-room.

Billiards, also, two Bowling Saloons, one for gentlemen, the other for ladies and gentlemen, are provided for the guests.

As large crowds are expected to throng our Virginia Springs, this season, a comparatively new, and very attractive, field of exploration is offered to the tourist, no less than a health-giving resort to the invalid. Board, $3 per day, $80 per month for adults.

Correspondence invited. Post Office address as in the caption.

FRAZIER & RANDOLPH, PROPRIETORS.

CAUTION: The high repute in which this water has come to be held, by the Profession and the public, after forty years' use of it, in the Southern States, render this caution necessary. In sending orders to your druggist, it will not do to say, simply, "send a box of Alum Water." If you want THIS water be careful to say "*Rockbridge Alum water*," and so also of the Salts.

Capt. WM. H. SALE will be found at his old post. [June '68—

GREENBRIER

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS,

GREENBRIER COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA.

THE undersigned, lessees of this *old and well known watering place*, announce that, encouraged by the liberal patronage received last season, they have largely added to the accommodations, in comfort and appearance, and are prepared to entertain 1,500 guests.

THE BATHING ACCOMMODATIONS are in fine order. *Hot and Warm Sulphur Baths*, so eminently efficacious in many cases, are at the command of visitors at all hours.

In addition to other amusements, they have provided a new and elegant BOWLING ALLEY, and BILLIARD ROOMS conveniently located.

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A good LIVERY STABLE will be kept on the premises.

The completion of the Virginia Central Railroad, to Covington, leaves only twenty miles staging, through a beautiful mountain country over a well-graded turnpike.

TERMS: $3 per day, and $80 per month. Children under ten years of age, and colored servants, half price; white servants according to accommodation. PEYTON & CO.

Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, April 18, '68.

June—3m

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TYPE WARRANTED EQUAL TO ANY MADE.

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April 1867—1y.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY MORNING.

—o—

Read the list of distinguished writers of the South, with whom arrangements have been made for regular contribution to the columns of the *Sunday Times* during the year:

ADMIRAL RAPHAEL SEMMES.
A. J. REQUIER, Late of Mobile.
JOHN R. THOMPSON, of Virginia.
P. W. ALEXANDER, of Georgia.
WM. EVELYN, of New Orleans.
T. C. DeLEON, of South Carolina.
MADAME A. DeV. CHAUDRON, of Mobile.
Rev. Dr. H. N. PIERCE, of Mobile.
"KAMBA THORPE," Author of "Four Oaks."
Hon. C. C. LANGDON, of Alabama.

—o—

We shall immediately commence the publication of a series of intensely interesting papers by ADMIRAL SEMMES,

"The Cruises of the Alabama."

We are now publishing

"Fours Years in Rebel Capitals,"

By T. C. DeLEON, Esq., late editor of the *Cosmopolite*.

A. J. REQUIER, Esq., one of the most distinguished of Southern poets, is under engagement to contribute regularly to our columns.

JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., late editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, alike brilliant in prose and poetry, is on our list.

WM. EVELYN, Esq., late editor of the "Crescent Monthly," is our regular New Orleans correspondent, and a contributor in other Departments.

During the year we shall publish a series of sketches,

"The Dead Heroes of the Confederacy."

by P. W. ALEXANDER, Esq., the well-known "P. W. A." Confederate war correspondent.

Mrs. A. DEV. CHAUDRON (translator of "Joseph the Second and his Court") and the Rev. Dr. H. N. PIERCE will contribute original articles and choice translations from the French and German.

We have now on hand a brilliant essay from the pen of "KAMBA THORPE," author of "Four Oaks;" and other attractive articles from the same source may be expected.

The Sunday Times has an Agricultural and Horticultural Department, under charge of the Hon. C. C. LANGDON, formerly well known as the editor of the "Mobile Advertiser," and more lately as a skillful and successful Agriculturist and Horticulturalist.

Besides the above, articles by various able writers, who prefer that their names should not now be announced; light, agreeable and entertaining correspondence—domestic and foreign—and other features of special interest may be expected.

A full Telegraphic Summary of the Domestic and Foreign News of the week will be given in each issue.

—o—

In the Editorial Department of the *Sunday Times* the highest degree of talent, scholarship, critical taste and industry has been secured; and although this department of the paper is impersonal for the present, the publisher feels warranted in stating that it will not be surpassed in ability by any paper in the country.

—o—

The Commercial Department of the *Sunday Times* contains a full commercial and financial summary for the week, the prices-current in Mobile, and the latest telegraphic news of the principal markets of the world.

The importance of this department to the country merchant and planter is so well understood, that no care will be spared to render it accurate, reliable, and complete.

—o—

Notwithstanding the large expense incurred and the vast labor bestowed upon the *Sunday Times*, it will be furnished to subscribers at the old price,

Five Dollars per Annum;

And to secure for it the most general circulation, it will be supplied to Clubs, sent to One Address, at the following Very Low Rates:

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Make up your Clubs and send on subscriptions in time to secure the first of the various series of interesting contributions.

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PUBLISHER SUNDAY TIMES,

July 1868— MOBILE, ALABAMA.

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July—6m* **BALTIMORE, MD.**

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NOS. 5 and 7 NORTH HOWARD STREET,

TWO DOORS FROM BALTIMORE-STREET.

STAGES will be at the Depots on arrival of trains, also at the steamers on their arrival, to convey guests and their baggage to the House.

BULL & SEWELL, Proprietors.

TERMS $2.50 PER DAY. July—6m*

"WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE,"

IS a 'saying of the past. Woman's work—or at least that portion of it most dreaded and continual—her sewing—is now speedily and beautifully done by the aid of the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, which, while it lessens the labor, adds to the excellence of the sewing by the strength, elasticity, and durability of its work.

A Child can operate a Grover & Baker

Sewing Machine. It sews from two common spools, makes a stitch stronger than that made by hand, and its simplicity is marvelous in comparison to its capacity.

Health, Time and Money are economized by the use of a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine. They are unlimited in their capacity, and unexcelled in their excellence. The merit of embroidering—which these machines alone possess, and which style of trimming is now so popular—renders them *par excellence*, the most desirable of any in use.

SALESROOMS, 181 BALTIMORE-ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

July—6m

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The Land we Love.

Edited by

GEN. D. H. HILL.

AUGUST, 1868.

CHARLOTTE N.C.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. IV. AUGUST, 1868. Vol. V.

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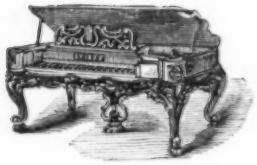
PIANOS.  PIANOS.

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